Vol. CXXIX. No. 1677.

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THE BYSTANDER, FEBRUARY 5, 1936.

The BYSTANDER

King George's Funeral

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The Bystander, February 5, 1936

No. 1677. Vol. CXXIX.

The BYSTANDER

King George's Funeral—King Edward and His Three Brothers

King Edward, wearing the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet, walked immediately behind his father's coffin as it was drawn through the streets of London and Windsor on Tuesday last week. Behind him walked his three brothers in uniforms that represented the three Services: the Duke of Gloucester as a Major of the 10th Hussars, the Duke of York as an Air Vice-Marshal, and the Duke of Kent in the uniform of a naval Commander. During part of the slow march through London the King fell back and walked with his brothers, but for most of the way he walked alone, a solitary figure linking the band of royal mourners with the gun-carriage ahead

King George's Funeral—From Westminster to Windsor

On the Royal Standard-Draped Coffin Lay the Crown, Orb and Sceptre, and Queen Mary's Cross of Flowers

The Funeral Cortège Turns from Palace Yard into Parliament Square

At Westminster there was no funeral music as King George's coffin began its final journey, except the tolling of Big Ben and the pealing bells of Westminster Abbey. The close-knit ranks of the naval gun crew that, eight abreast, manned the white drag-ropes of the gun-carriage seemed from above to be a single piece of mechanism, so precisely the hundred and forty-two sailors moved along the crowd-lined route

Crossing the Horse Guards Parade, with the Guards Memorial as Background

The route across the Horse Guards Parade was really parade-like in its symmetry. There were no packed, swaying crowds here, as an enclosure had been formed for official spectators and their friends, with rows of neatly-placed chairs. When the coffin reached this point, the head of the procession was already almost in Hyde Park, while the fourth and last division of escort of Royal Horse Guards was still within sight of Westminster

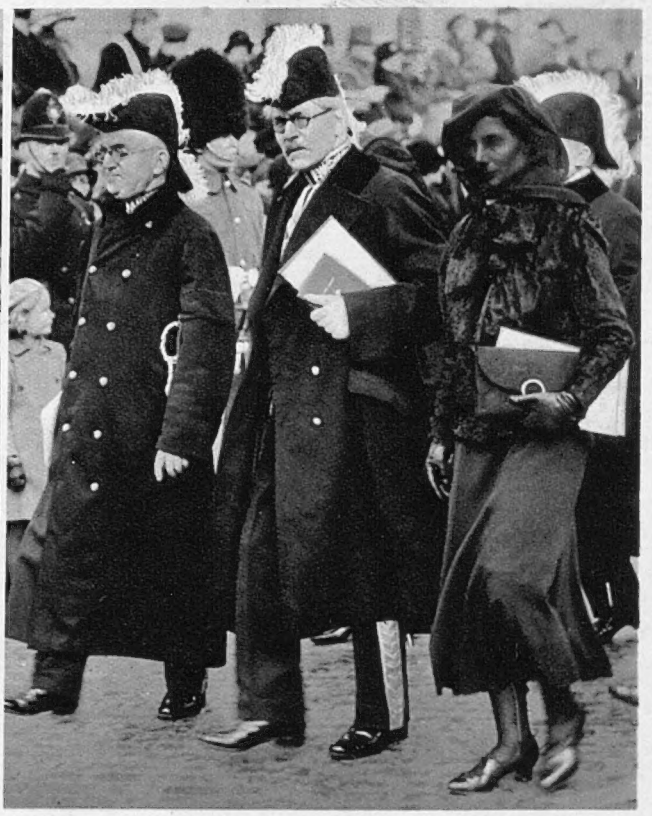
Europe Paid Tribute to King George

A photograph taken in Windsor of the royal mourners in the funeral cortège as they neared the end of their long march. In the front row are the King of Norway, the Crown Prince of Norway, the Earl of Athlone; in the next rank, the King of Rumania, the King of Denmark and Iceland, and M. Lebrun, President of the French Republic; behind again came the King of the Belgians and the King of the Bulgarians

In Piccadilly Only a Narrow Lane Was Left Between the Pressing Crowds

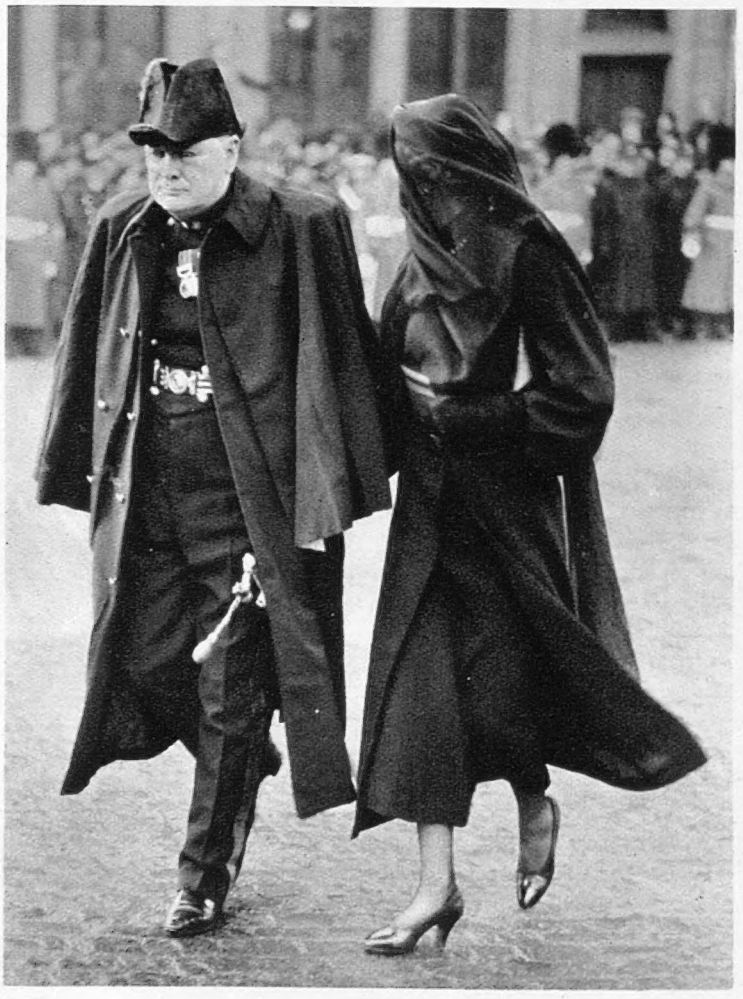
Lord and Lady Linlithgow

Mr. George Lansbury



Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Miss Ishbel MacDonald

Some of the Congregation Leaving St. George's Chapel, Windsor



Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill

Lord and Lady Rosebery

HAIL AND FAREWELL!

"So Excellent a King..."

LONDON, *January 31st*, 1936

Kings are like stars—they rise and set—they have
The worship of the world, but no repose.

ALL too true as these words are, the serene beauty of the service in St. George's Chapel left a sense of peace that persists even now, when all the splendour of that last great progress is over. Brought back to London from Sandringham by his four sons with a simplicity that to me was the most touching feature of all the funeral ceremonies, King George V. left his capital for the last time, followed by a brilliant train of Kings and Princes, and escorted by detachments of his Navy, Army, and Air Force.

Long before the dawn on that chilly grey Tuesday, hurrying groups passed through the streets, all intent on getting to some spot from which they could catch even a glimpse of the procession. As the slow hours of waiting passed there were several sharp showers, but nothing affected the quiet determination of the immense crowds. For the most part they waited almost silently, but in the Park they followed with interest and commented loudly on the efforts of those who climbed trees or perched precariously on the tops of lamp-posts. The children were passed through into the front row, but soon the pressure of the late arrivals at the back was such that no one could move again.

BY the time one had grown used to the firing of the minute gun, the procession came in sight, walking with those slow, deliberate steps which must have been so difficult to maintain. Silently the great multitude watched, with only an occasional question as to the names of the different detachments going by. When the procession drew level with where I was standing, there was bright sunshine that glittered on the uniforms and helmets, but as the supreme moment of the passing of the gun-carriage drew near, there was a swift and striking change; the sun disappeared, and it was as though a sudden pall of black cloud had been spread over the sky.

AT long last the bluejackets could be seen pulling the gun-carriage with magnificent precision, and on it the coffin that seemed almost familiar after the Lying-in-State, with the Crown, the Orb, and the Sceptre resting upon it. As it passed in all its grandeur I thought of the dead King's description of himself: "After all, I am only a very ordinary sort of fellow," and how, with the simplicity that was so characteristic of him, he would have marvelled at this last tribute of love and loyalty from the sorrowing multitudes that lined his path.

FOLLOWING close behind were the late King's four sons, who were walking level with each other as they went through the Park, although during most of the procession King Edward was a few steps in front of his brothers. The King glanced from side to side as he passed, with sad, tired eyes, and his drawn, strained expression showed the trial he was going through.

A few paces behind came the five Kings—King Leopold of the Belgians

Right: Admiral of the Fleet Lord Beatty and Admiral of the Fleet Sir H. F. Oliver marched together in the funeral procession

Queen Mary and Queen Maud of Norway Driving Through Windsor to St. George's Chapel

HAIL and FAREWELL!

(Continued from page 211)

An Afghan General

One of the most striking figures in the funeral procession was General Mohomed Omer Khan, representing the Army of Afghanistan. His splendid uniform included a plumed sable hat and white sable-edged cape

Field-Marshals of the British Army

Also very impressive with their plumed hats and batons were the four Field-Marshals. Sir Philip Chetwode, Lord Milne, Sir Claud Jacob were three of them; the plumes of the fourth, the Earl of Cavan, can be seen over Sir Philip Chetwode's shoulder. The high officers representing the Navy, Army, and Air Force followed the representatives of the foreign services in the first part of the procession

thinking almost certainly of the day, only a few short months ago, when he followed his Queen in similar sad state. More royal mourners followed, and then there came a sudden splash of vivid scarlet and gold—the great swaying coach, surmounted by a gleaming crown, in which the Queen's profile and her pointed Marie Stuart toque could clearly be discerned beneath the folds of her veil. Her touchingly-phrased message of gratitude for the overwhelming sympathy offered to her caused a profound impression throughout the Empire.

MANY people seemed surprised that all the carriages in the procession were draped with scarlet instead of with purple, but with their red-cloaked footmen they lent a touch of royal state in keeping with the full-dress uniform of some of the troops. In what seemed only a few seconds after the passing of the Queen there came a detachment of the Fire Brigade, most of whom, I noticed, were wearing life-saving medals, and then the procession, that had taken an hour to pass, was at an end.

A MOMENT that few who witnessed it are likely to forget was when the royal train glided silently and almost imperceptibly out of Paddington Station to the haunting strains of "The Flowers of the Forest" played on the pipes; whilst the singing of the choir in St. George's Chapel had a remote, unearthly beauty that moved many as deeply as when the King scattered earth upon the coffin as it sank slowly out of sight. The mass of flowers arranged on the steps of the Chapel and spread out on the surrounding lawns was like some gigantic yet delicately beautiful carpet.

Except for those in St. George's Chapel, the final gesture of farewell to King George from his people came at half-past one, when the pulse of London itself seemed to grow slow for two unforgettable minutes, and in that simple act of silent remembrance his subjects all over the world rendered homage and allegiance for the last time to this "so excellent a King."

EVERYONE has been struck by the resolute courage with which King Edward has passed through an ordeal of which he alone can have plumbed the depths. Yet through it all he has never failed to do not merely what was expected of him, but he has added that personal touch which in a monarch means so much. Following the precedent set up at the time of his grandfather's death, the King gave a dinner at Buckingham Palace on the night before the funeral for his royal guests and the President of the French Republic. Afterwards he received all the special representatives sent over by foreign Powers, and one who was amongst them has told me of the remarkable way in which the King not only addressed the appropriate words to each one, but spoke to the Spanish and Portuguese delegates in fluent Spanish. At the same time he received the British ex-Ambassadors, and when finally he withdrew, it was not to rest but to change into uniform before going to stand sentinel at Westminster Hall.

OF all the manifold ceremonies since the death of King George, none has been more moving and at the same time more fitting than the mounting guard over the coffin by the dead King's sons. They arrived just after midnight unheralded and unannounced, and such was the tranquillity of their coming and their going that few of the people who passed by realised that their new King and his brothers were amongst the motionless figures surrounding the catafalque.

Here simplicity and splendour met, and the silently-moving queue that waited weary hours to witness the Lying-in-State of a good King, entered a hall in which four sons watched over the body of a beloved father. In this very merging of the King-Emperor with the simple, kindly man is to be found the keynote of the life, the character, and the greatness of King George the Fifth.

P. S.

The Flowers at Windsor

Many thousands of people went to Windsor last week to see the wonderful flowers sent from all over the world in tribute to King George. The cloisters and lawns of St. George's Chapel were lined and carpeted with them. All the inscriptions accompanying them have been copied into a book for Queen Mary

While Thousands Mourned . . .

A picture of the vast procession of mourners on the south bank of the river, taken at 3.30 on the afternoon of Sunday, January 26th. At that time the queue stretched from Westminster Hall along the Embankment, over Vauxhall Bridge, and back along the south bank to Westminster Bridge, a distance of nearly three miles. It was then taking about seven hours to make the pilgrimage past the catafalque, although over ten thousand people an hour walked slowly by. When the doors were closed for the last time, nearly a million people had paid their last homage to King George V.

A Mute and Mighty Host

An Impression of the Vast Crowd at Marble Arch that Watched King George's Last Journey

Kings and Princes Followed the Gun-Carriage

Closely following the King's coffin in its long progress through the London streets came the Kings and Princes of other countries, a crowded platoon of royalty and power. In this photograph are the King of the Belgians and the King of the Bulgarians; the Prince of Piedmont, the Prince Regent of Yugo-Slavia, and the Crown Prince of Sweden; the Crown Prince of Greece, the Prince Zeid, the Prince of Said, Prince Felix of Luxembourg, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. The procession was then passing up Whitehall

King Edward Walked Behind His Father's Coffin

Norman Parkinson

The Draped Colour

It is not a polite cliché, it is a simple statement of fact to say that Edward VIII. comes to the British throne equipped at every point for a highly successful reign. Who in this country knows the Empire better, at first-hand, even to its least attractive nooks and corners? How many of his subjects have seen more of the great world beyond the Empire? How many, again, know as much as he of the distressful areas at home, and those dark slum patches a former generation so discreetly hid from royal eyes? Still on the threshold of middle age, the King has since boyhood travelled practically every part of the globe—according to one calculation, more than 250,000 miles of land and sea—and in his travels, at home and abroad alike, he has mixed with every kind of people and been liked by all of them. On the verge of manhood the Great War caught him up in its machinery and left its mark on him, as on so many of us, and ex-Service men count him a comrade. With such practical advantages over so many of the world's past and present heads of States, Edward VIII. may reasonably look to the future with decent confidence, and we with him.

Rex et Lex

Most people are more than hazy over the rights and powers of the Crown in Great Britain to-day. An authority opened our own eyes to a considerable extent a few days ago. It appears, for one thing, that the Act of Settlement (1701), which gave the English Crown to the Hanoverian Succession, can be repealed at any time by Parliament, and the crown bestowed elsewhere. Thus did the rich Whigs make the law. Again, although the King has the legal right to veto any law laid before him by Parliament, he can exercise this right only at the risk of being deposed by Parliament afterwards. Again, although his assent is necessary before any given law can come into effect, he is not responsible for the final decision, which rests with the Cabinet. In a word, he reigns, but does not rule.

Over a hundred and fifty years ago, Sir Adam Fergusson incautiously provoked Dr. Samuel Johnson by remarking that "in the British Constitution it is surely of importance to keep up a spirit in the people, so as to preserve a balance in the Crown." This roused the tough old Tory to bellowing rage. "Sir, I perceive you are a vile Whig! Why all this childish jealousy of the power of the Crown? The Crown has not power enough!" Those inclined still to side with the Doctor may remember from the reign of George V. that there are other ways of leading a nation than making its laws. As for those who still challenge the Act of 1701, the White Rose people and other modern English Jacobites, they are in the main such dim and blameless Anglican clergymen and spinsters that little or no armed revolt may be expected against Edward VIII.'s crowning.

Royal Dust

Even in death the dynasties are divided, so to speak, by this same Act of 1701. King George V. sleeps with the Hanoverians in their vault under the Albert Chapel at Windsor, which is separate from St. George's Chapel and connected with it by an underground passage. Under the floor of St. George's Chapel is the dust of Henry VI., Henry VIII., Jane Seymour, and Charles I. The body of the saintly Henry VI. was placed there in safe obscurity because the miracles reported at his former tomb might have favoured a Yorkist rising. Henry VIII. is there because he wanted to lie by Jane Seymour, who gave him his heir. Charles I., like Henry VI., was removed there for political reasons, in a snowstorm at dead of night. A Royalist cult seemed likely to spring up round him in London. Each lies under the pavement, with no pomp of marble or alabaster above them. The Hanoverian Kings in the Albert Chapel, likewise, have no tombs. They lie in their coffins, with velvet palls over them, the palls of the first three Georges—unless we're mistaken—bearing the embroidered crowns of England and Hanover.

The Albert Chapel, in pre-Victorian days called the Wolsey Chapel, was where the Cardinal hoped himself to lie. Cromwell's godly bashibazouks practically wrecked it. Victoria restored it and renamed it after her consort—to whose undoubted qualities, incidentally, justice is now very tardily being done.

Through the Ages

Observing the crowds in Westminster Hall filing past the bier with the four tall, steadily-burning candles and the stiffly immobile Guardsmen, we found it impossible not to be oppressed by the genius of the place and the long history of England which, exhaled from those walls, seemed crystallised in the silent figure underneath the pall. So strongly did these overwhelming impressions persist, that we later looked up the death of Edward the Confessor in the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle." It seemed, with the few necessary changes, to chime with the present emotion of the nation almost perfectly.

"About midwinter," begins the "Chronicle" account, "the King came to Westminster and had the minster there consecrated, which he had built to the honour of God and Saint Peter, and all God's saints. . . . He died on the eve of Twelfth Day and was buried on Twelfth Day in the same minster; as it is hereafter said . . ." And the "Chronicle" breaks into metre of the kind in which the poet Cædmon had paraphrased Genesis a couple of centuries before:

Here Edward King,
of Angles lord,
sent his stedfast
soul to Christ. . . .
He in the world here
abode awhile
in the kingly throng
of council sage,
four and twenty
winters wielding
the sceptre freely,
ruled well his subjects,
the Welsh and the Scots,
and the Britons also,
Angles and Saxons. . . .
Blithe-minded aye
was the harmless King,
good, pure, and mild,
until suddenly came
the bitter death
and this King so dear
snatched from the earth. . . .

For those few hours these two Kings of England lay side by side; the Confessor in his stripped and lonely shrine, King George, his successor, in the Hall which is almost as old as the Abbey. One would need to be very dull not to be penetrated by the eight hundred packed years of history lying between and connecting them: the past we inherit, and the future which must always remember it.

Chroniclers

THE London Press, we thought, showed up remarkably well, with the usual exceptions. There was otherwise little hysteria, purple writing, or lapsed taste, and the nation's loss was set forth in language of decent restraint and dignity. The *Times* review of King George's personality on the morning after his death was a particularly able piece of work. It never descended to conventional adulation, it didn't attribute to the dead King qualities he never dreamed of claiming, and it presented to the full the strong, simple, sincere, self-sacrificing character of a man who served his country unremittingly, heart and soul, with every faculty God gave him. It is interesting to compare with this *Times* review a celebrated fantasia by the *Morning Post* a hundred years or more ago, on George the Fourth, then alive. "This Protector of the Arts," shrilled the *Post*, "this Mæcenas of the Age, Glory of his People, this Adonis of Loveliness, attended by Pleasure, Honour, Virtue and Truth . . ." For remarking in print that this paragon was a corpulent voluptuary of fifty, over head and ears in disgrace, the companion of gamblers and demireps, Leigh Hunt went to prison in due course. But there was no ground for protest at undue flatteries when George the Fifth died. His virtues were patent to all, and nobody has done him the disservice of exaggeration.

The best of the special correspondents at Sandringham was H. V. Morton. "He gave a new nobility to kingship," wrote Morton, at the end of his despatch on the day of the last journey to London, "he gave a new meaning to monarchy." The fact that these words appeared in the *Daily Herald*, official organ of British Labour, may possibly have had some effect of surprise on the diehards of Pall Mall.

At Temple Bar

ON the same day or thereabouts that the *Times* devoted a leader to explaining that "the Englishman" (whoever he may be) doesn't care about

The End of the Lying-in-State.
4 a.m., January 28th

ritual—which is poohbah of the sheerest description—we heard Edward VIII. proclaimed at Temple Bar, with all the cavalcade of Kings of Arms, heralds, pursuivants, and the ancient bravery. Actually the proclamation was made at the corner of Chancery Lane and Fleet Street, the first cross-roads within the liberties of the City of London. We gather this is a custom 700 years old, dating at least from the time when the Knights Templars owned the Lane.

This corner, with a stationer on one side and a jeweller on the other, is one of the most richly historic in London, and one could imagine a good few ghosts from former crowds hovering round—sunburnt Templars, say, with the white Cistercian habit over their armour; a shadowy figure closely resembling Chaucer, who is said to have had his legendary row with the friar round about this spot; Tudor rufflers and Jacobean cits, Georgian lawyers, and Early Victorian City men, all of whom in their time gathered here to hear their new monarch proclaimed to the populace.

Why Swords?

IT appears—it took a Scottish expert to point it out—that the heralds should not have been wearing swords. The person of the herald being from time immemorial sacrosanct while he is fulfilling his duties, he has, and had, no need of arms of any sort. It seems curious that this slip should have got past the College of Arms, who are supposed to know their stately etiquette backwards.

As amateurs of the picturesque, we came across a peculiar instance of the uses of heralds a little time ago. When the English landed at Calais in 1475, and advanced across the Somme, to be checked at St. Quentin, Louis XI., commanding the French, sent a herald on horseback to them, a man named Mérichon. Mérichon was not a regular herald, but a member of Louis' household, who had been hastily attired for the purpose in a makeshift tabard cut from a trumpet-banner, and he acquitted himself quite as well as if he had been one of the Heralds of France. Louis' object in using him was pretty subtle, if conjecture is right. If the English had received Mérichon rudely, there would be no insult to the French Crown. Had he been a regular herald, there would have been. In any case, Mérichon fulfilled his duty unarmed, for to attack the person of a herald was a thing monstrous and unknown in the ages of gentlemanly war. Firing on a flag of truce nowadays is a mild misdemeanour compared with it.

Marshal

WHITEHALL 2989 must have been engaged almost permanently day and night during the week preceding the King's funeral, and the town house in St. James's Square of Bernard Marmaduke FitzAlan-Howard, 16th Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal, Hereditary Marshal, and Chief Butler of England, resembled a Government department. To cope with his overwhelming duties in arranging all the ceremonial, precedence, and traffic rules for the Royal funeral, the Duke required not only his own secretaries and staff but the whole staff of the College of Arms, a certain number of clerks and secretaries of the Royal Household, and the volunteer typing and clerical services of his three sisters, Lady Katherine, Lady Rachel, and Lady Winefride Howard. To marshal a funeral procession containing five foreign kings, three princes, and a president, diplomats of every civilised nation, and high officers of every imperial Service, each in his place, is only the last part of the work. Issuing the invitations to those all over Europe who have a right, hereditary or official, to attend is a still more arduous and delicate duty, even with the Lord Chamberlain and other experts assisting, and even though the Howards have been Earl Marshals, off and on ever since 1483, at an annual salary of £20.

The Duke of Norfolk

The Earl Marshal of England led the central part of the Funeral Procession through London. All the ceremonial precedence, and traffic rules for the day were part of the Duke's official duties as Marshal

King Edward the Eighth

A New Portrait Study by Charles Willis

Howard Coster

THE HON. HAROLD NICOLSON, M.P.

Harold Nicolson, after a Wellington and Balliol education, started out to follow in his diplomat father's footsteps by going into the Foreign Office when he was twenty-three. After twenty years of the appropriate here-and-there life, from Madrid, Constantinople, Paris to Geneva, Teheran and Berlin, he resigned, became an "Evening Standard" journalist for a short time, fought the Combined Universities for Oswald Mosley's New Party without success in 1931, and got into the present House of Commons last November as National Labour Member for West Leicester. He married the late Lord Sackville's authoress daughter, the Hon. Victoria Sackville-West, in 1913, has two sons, and lives at Sissinghurst Castle, one of Kent's oldest houses. His brother is the present Lord Carnock. It's on his reputation as author and critic that his claim to fame is based; Verlaine, Byron, Swinburne, the late Lord Curzon and his own father have been some of his subjects, and "Some People" and "Public Faces" are two of his best-known books. He is also a most entertaining broadcaster

The Prime Minister

Vandyk

The Archbishop of Canterbury

Speakers of Epilogue

IT would have been impossible to ask better funeral orations on King George V. than the speeches delivered by the Archbishop of Canterbury and by the Prime Minister. Each of them spoke twice, once to the people and once to their fellow-members of the Houses of Parliament. On each of these four occasions—in the House of Lords and in Westminster Abbey; in a broadcast tribute and in the House of Commons—these two men added untold gold to the common store of memories of the late King. Each of them related incidents of the last hours of his Majesty's life which a multitude of people will remember all their days, will treasure in their minds for themselves and for their children; each of them described King George's character in words that have already been quoted a hundred times. To both the thanks of the peoples of the British Empire are due for these great tributes, spoken to and on behalf of every individual who would have wished himself so to speak in honour of the King

How King George Came Back to Windsor

The Dead King "Piped Over the Side" by His Navy

For the waiting congregation in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and for the thousands of listeners to the funeral broadcast, the shrill note of the bosun's pipe sounding in the stillness as the coffin was lifted off the gun-carriage was the most moving sound in all the funeral music. As its last note died away, massed pipes took up the echo, playing the melancholy and lovely "Flowers of the Forest" as the coffin was borne up the steps into the solemn beauty of the Chapel

The Beginning of King George's Last Journey

Another stage of King George's great and final journey from Sandringham to Windsor was begun at 9.45 on January 28th, when the draped coffin on its gun-carriage left Westminster Hall. Four hours later, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, the Archbishop of Canterbury read "the terrible words, a reminder of the frailty of man, which precede the committal of the body to the earth," and the coffin was slowly lowered to its last resting-place. The King scattered a handful of earth over it, the Archbishop's voice rang out again, and the service went on to its appointed close when the Benediction was pronounced. During the service Queen Mary stood behind the coffin; afterwards she and the King returned immediately to London in the royal train

Journey's End: the Dead King Goes to His Last Resting-Place

"Aucassin Nicolette"

Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin in Toye's New Ballet at the Duke of

Photographs by Anthony

" For they were lovers, as the light winds are
Of myrtle blooms, and love had bridged a span
Betwixt their dreams. In every laughing star
He saw her throned. The wakeful maiden ran
At the first hoof-ring in the street, to scan
If his white plume passed to the latchet gate,
Where every dawn they pledged to fly the ban
That gaunt Sir Garin nowise would abate.
' Mine heir shall take no maid of nameless low estate.' "

—"Aucassin and Nicolette," *by Anthony Crossley*

and

in Wendy
of York's

"A damsel pale as nomad moon, dight in silk handiwork of infidels"

"AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE," the thirteenth-century troubadour's tale, has inspired the ballet by Wendy Toye which had its first performance at the Duke of York's Theatre last week. The music is by Josef Holbrooke; the lovely pastel-shaded dresses and décor were designed by Motley after illustrations in Froissart's Chronicles. Wendy Toye, the choregrapher, is a member of the Markova-Dolin Company; she is eighteen, and this is her most important creative work up to now. Her first ballet, composed when she was ten, was produced at the Palladium. The story of the Sieur of Beaucaire's son, Aucassin, and Nicolette, the maiden of unknown birth, brought to Provence by Tyrean merchants, and their love for each other forms a charming theme for the brilliant dancing of Markova and Dolin; the ballet is one of the most attractive in their partnered repertoire

• FILMS of the DAY: Battling Beaux and a Gambler

By GEORGE CAMPBELL

Old Partners—Joan Bennett and Ronald Colman

Ronald Colman and Joan Bennett, of "Bulldog Drummond" partnership, play together again in Daryl F. Zanuck's "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo" (New Gallery). But Ronald, as a bank-breaking, taxi-driving Russian Prince, seems a little wooden towards Joan, thinks our reviewer. Clive Brook is another English actor in the film

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JUNIOR — "Young Doug" to his friends and the entire film industry—is nothing if not courageous. He could, if he liked, go back to Hollywood any time and star in pictures, or play opposite stars, at the reasonable stipend of £10,000 a picture. (Or even £15,000, according to one of his closest associates.)

But he does not like. Easy money doesn't appeal to him. He likes England—and that is not the publicity gag of the visiting star who shyly confesses to loving the country at Southampton and simply adores our London policemen by the time she reaches Park Lane. Young Doug is a serious-minded fellow, interested enough in art to spend a couple of years in Paris in his youth, now absorbed in the business of making pictures.

Not just any pictures. He wants to make his own. This, of course, is not unique. Everybody in the country wants to make pictures. I do myself. Where Young Doug is different is that he is willing to risk his own money. Just to show his friends that he was willing to run the risks they ran, he put most of his savings into *The Amateur Gentleman*—and I should say, at a rough guess, that it cost £70,000. And now that it is made he has had to show it at a time of national mourning, when even the best of pictures seems very small beer. Bad luck, but thank heaven he never whines.

JUST how good *The Amateur Gentleman* is—that is a matter on which I have heard all sorts of opinions. Young Doug is under no illusions about it. He does not claim it is a masterpiece. The first essential for a new producer is that he shall get back enough money to go on producing, and so Fairbanks deliberately chose a story that had all the elements of popular hokum. If you ever read the book, or any other Jeffrey Farnol story, you know exactly what to expect—gallant, impoverished youth, patrician maid, scheming aristocrat, quaint comedians and a bout or two of fisticuffs, all set against a background of Regency bucks, belles and belligerency. Clemence Dane, of all people, was called in to assist with the scenario. (I say "of all people" because I should hardly have thought that this was her line of country.) Elissa Landi, very much in demand these days for costume pieces, was given the rôle of heroine, and Gordon Harker, Hugh Williams, Basil Sydney and Frank Pettingall complete a strong team.

The production is lavish, even by Hollywood standards. I liked the Carlton House scene, where the Prince Regent and fashionable London watch a charity show, run by Esmé Percy as an affected Beau, with Elissa Landi, Young Doug, Basil Sydney and others posing on the stage in tableaux suggested by the paintings of George Morland; and there was also a nice juicy murder and a gaol-break, made amusing by a clever little vignette of a dithering Bow Street runner by some actor whose name did not appear on my programme. Fairbanks wears his clothes with an air, acts with distinction, and has almost entirely lost his American accent. Harker, Sydney and Pettingall give excellent support. Altogether a fine, hearty show; but not for highbrows.

"THE MAN WHO BROKE THE BANK AT MONTE CARLO" is the sort of thing that went down very well about 1925. To-day it seems a trifle thin. The impoverished Russian prince in Paris has been a trifle overworked—on the screen, I mean—but he might have been made a figure of lively satire or real pathos. This picture rather falls between the two. The hero is a taxi driver. He works out a system at baccarat whereby he breaks the bank at Monte Carlo; the directors of the casino (surely a bit libellous, this) engage a blonde vamp (Joan Bennett) to lure him back to the tables, on the principle that lightning never strikes twice in the same place; he goes, and loses all his money; and a certain coolness between himself and the lady follows. Given a scenario by Ben Hecht and direction by René Clair or Ernst Lubitsch, it might have worked out splendidly. As it is, the whole thing has charm and good humour, but is (I repeat) just a little thin.

RONALD COLMAN looks as handsome as ever, his manners are just as engaging. But it is a pity he is so flagrantly insincere, particularly in his love-making. A certain nonchalance—that is all right, that is in the best 1936, William Powell manner. Mr. Colman carries it to extremes. He hardly even bothers to look at the wench—indeed, gives you the impression that at any moment he will absently address Miss Bennett as Miss Hayes or Miss Banky or by any other name borne by his leading ladies of the last ten years. Just when the situation calls for a little light but pleasing sentiment he takes the young woman in his arms, gazes over her right shoulder into space and addresses her as Queen Victoria complained of Gladstone addressing *her*—exactly like a public meeting. "My DAR-ling . . . I cannot TELL you . . . how de-LIGHT-ed I am . . . to have you HERE with me . . . TO-DAY." That sort of thing.

It is a pity, because Mr. Colman is a grand fellow, and certainly one of the handsomest men of forty-five in the film racket or out of it, and could be such a good actor if he chose. We shall see him very shortly in *A Tale of Two Cities*—playing only Sydney Carton instead of doubling the two rôles in accordance with the old tradition. (Donald Cook plays the other.) Advance American reports say that the picture is pretty good. I hope it *is* good, and I hope Mr. Colman is grand; and, above all, I hope he has a heroine he can clutch without a fear that she will bite him or, worse still, an air of not giving a gentlemanly damn whether she bites him or not.

John Everard

Pantomime Dame

Shaun Glenville as Old Mother Hubbard

Nursery-rhyme relationships are uncertain, but Drury Lane and the librettist of "Jack and the Beanstalk" (Marriott Edgar) have decided that Jack's mother was Mrs. Hubbard, of empty cupboard fame. The Old Mother is no less than Shaun Glenville, who, in ringed stockings and rubber-sided boots, gives a spirited performance, with Binnie Hale as bean-fancier Jack. Shaun Glenville is an old pantomime hand; his first appearance in public was made last century at the age of two weeks, since when he has played in most panto-mimes; he was in "Jack and the Beanstalk" at the first post-war Christmas. Shaun Glenville is Irish and the husband of Dorothy Ward, the musical comedy actress

FROM A PAINTING BY ALGERNON TALMAGE, R.A.

A COPY OF THIS PICTURE CAN BE OBTAINED (POST FREE) ON APPLICATION TO DEPT. B., THE DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD., ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.

C.F.H.

"After You, Who . . . ?"

A New "Bystander" Series of Celebrities in Cameo

No. 6.

"Fougasse"

KENNETH BIRD, alias "Fougasse" and part author of *You Have Been Warned*, ought to have been a civil engineer. Really, I mean. He was brought up at home and at Cheltenham College with that sole object, and became a pupil at Easton, Gibb and Co., at Rosyth. But the war intervened, together with a Turkish shell at Gallipoli, and Sapper Bird was on his back with a fractured spine for four years and the likelihood of forty more. So he tried to write. Then he tried to draw. This was better. He took a correspondence course in Art from Percy Bradshaw, and sure enough the BYSTANDER, with its perennial gift for spotting new talent, bought his first drawing. It was a clergyman leaning over a heavily bandaged soldier and saying, "I hope you have got all you want?" That was in 1916. But the drawing that made him was of a Highlander entering a captured German strong point and substituting the word Scotland on a German notice board which read "Gott strafe England."

Since then Kenneth Bird has never looked back over his plump shoulders. His Fougasse had not been a dud after all. A fougasse, by-the-bye, is argot for a rough-and-ready land-mine which may or may not go off. To-day he lives in a flat in Kensington, coining money and increasing his reputation as one of our three leading humorous artists (commercial or otherwise).

PALE, dark-haired, heavily built, clean-shaven, and painstakingly casual, he bottles up his feelings in a vacuum flask of apologias pro vita sua. He decries himself until you could weep for him. He evades every direct question. He dodges each issue, and no humorist I have met is more embarrassingly and patently afraid of being laughed at. And yet he wears a flat grey trilby that only the most self-conscious artist could put on without a smile.

His father was a wine merchant and passed on an appreciation of armagnac which his son disregards entirely, being a teetotaller. He himself used to play "Rugger" for Dunfermline, Rosyth, and Fife-shire. Nowadays he avoids all exercise, spends his holidays in the West Highlands watching birds, occasionally dabbling in water-colours, turning on the wireless, and doing his best to give the impression of being exceedingly dreary — in which he succeeds almost too well.

In his gay young days he used to back the Quatre Premiers at Monte Carlo. But good-bye to all that. To-day he doesn't even play bridge. Abstract, but never abstracted in manner, with a tram-line voice and a complex about impinging on other people's affairs, Fougasse is always immensely polite, embarrassingly punctual, and deliberately unfunny when off duty. A queer fish, Bird, but oddly likeable.

CHARLES GAY

Battle-Ground For Giants

Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Where the Olympic Winter Games Start To-morrow

TO-MORROW, February 6th, the Olympic Winter Games start at Garmisch-Partenkirchen. The little town in the Bavarian Alps has so far been known chiefly as a charming summer resort and, to a few, as a ski-ing centre: now it 's the focus of every winter-sportsman's eye, and every bed in it has been booked for months. Ski-ing runs, jumps and stadium, ice-stadium and speed tracks and a bob-run have been prepared. The bob run lies above the lake, with sixteen different turns in it, and water-pipes laid along its bed so that it may be properly and hair-raisingly iced

Left: a Turn on the Iced Bob Run, and a Referees' Tower

Garmisch—a View Over the Town to the Bavarian Alps Beyond

"Bystander" Short Story No. 23

A Society Scandal

By Sewell Stokes

Sketch by Keith Bryant

"It is useless for me to pretend," said Lady Bollington at last, "that I am not absolutely in your power. . . . I want you terribly"

IT has long been a lament amongst writers that life is stranger than fiction. Well, what is to be done about it? Advice to spill the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth is misguided. A full-sized libel action is the answer to that kind of conduct. Risks, however, must, and shall, be taken. But the reader is requested to aid and abet such boldness by refraining from too much cleverness—that habit he has of pointing out *who* in the narrative is *who* in the flesh. None of the following characters is fictitious. Only one does have to be so careful. . . .

IN his strictly private sanctum, perched high above the traffic-threaded by-ways of the City, sat Lord Bollington—millionaire owner of vast industrial interests. Though that hour of the evening had arrived when usually he drove down to his country mansion, there to relax after a day of exacting toil, he now sat motionless, a look of more than grave concern upon his pale countenance. A man, he seemed, who could not rid himself of some soul-destroying worry.

"Going home to spend a quiet evening with the wife?" inquired the only other occupant of the sanctum, a business associate about to make his own departure.

"Yes," replied Lord Bollington, without conviction, an absent look in his deep-set eyes.

"I guess my old girl's waiting for me right now," said the other, taking up his tall, glossy hat. "Doesn't do to be late, does it? Get what's coming to you, if you are! Well, so long, Bolly!"

Milllonaires, if you but knew it, talk even as you and I do.

Long after the other's departure, Lord Bollington sat on in his office. In a dazed manner he stared at the telephone, almost as if he were afraid of it. With a silk handkerchief he several times removed beads of perspiration from his furrowed brow. Presently his eyes closed; and his lips moved, it might have been in prayer. . . .

WHILE her husband sat thus, racked by uncertainty on her account, Lady Bollington made her way down a suburban street; a street in which, somehow, one would not have expected to find her at that, or any, hour. From the anxious way in which she glanced up at the houses, straining her eyes to decipher the numbers on their fanlights, her unfamiliarity with the neighbourhood was apparent.

In step with her along the pavement marched typists, clerks, and shop-girls—all of them too intent upon their own plans for the evening's disposition to notice the stranger in their midst. Yet one can imagine the thrill which must have been theirs had they realised how close they were to the woman whose celebrated features had so often stared at them from the pages of newspaper and magazine. It is even possible that some of them used a certain face-cream for no better reason than that Lady Bollington had said of it, "I use no other."

For years the day had not dawned on which Lady Bollington's movements

(Concluded on next page)

A Society Scandal

(Continued from page 235)

went unchronicled in print. To say of her that she was in Society was not enough. She *was* Society. An invitation to one of her famous house-parties in the country was as necessary to those who moved in her set as a passport is to the globe-trotter. Without it, certain peaks in the social climb were considered unassailable. Yet one felt that no mention would be made in next day's gossip column of the mission upon which she was now engaged. Undoubtedly some good reason accounted for her presence in that obscure part of the town; but one which she preferred should remain hidden.

THE house before which she stopped, after comparing the number with one scrawled on a paper taken surreptitiously from her bag, had seen better days. Its decline from grandeur, however, had not reached that stage of hopelessness which results in the appearance of an "Apartments" card in the ground-floor front. Until the hall was reached one did not learn its painful secret, which was that several independent families now sheltered beneath the one roof. Stealthily Lady Bollington mounted the meanly clad staircase, and paused for breath outside a door on the fourth landing. In answer to her ring there appeared a darkly handsome man, slightly foreign in appearance, who, with some show of courtliness, invited her to enter.

"You got my letter, Alphonse?" asked Lady Bollington, with no attempt to keep anxiety out of her voice.

"Yes, I got your letter."

"And destroyed it afterwards, I hope."

"Just as you wished."

When he had seen her comfortably seated, Alphonse moved over to the mantelpiece, from which position he faced his guest with an expression of complete impassivity. His liquid eyes met hers calmly. He appeared willing to hear whatever it was she had come to tell him. She had only to start.

"It is useless for me to pretend," said Lady Bollington at last, "that I am not absolutely in your power." She smiled, but it was a pathetic smile, altogether unlike the satisfied one she wore in the face-cream advertisements. "I want you—terribly."

This confession of her state appeared not to move Alphonse. To judge by his reception of her words, he might not have heard them. After a long pause, during which she tried vainly to read what might be in his mind, she said:

"Do not keep me any longer in suspense. Tell me, am I foolish to hope that you will listen to reason? Oh," she clasped her hands dramatically against her breast, "if you knew how much this means to me!"

As if touched at last by the woman's anguish, Alphonse unbent a little. "You make it very difficult for me," he said, gazing down at the tips of his highly polished patent-leathers. "It is no easy matter to decide."

"But I will make it easy. I am not an exacting woman. Indeed I am not. What you ask for you shall have. As much freedom as you want."

"We should be living always in the country?"

"Not always. And you could run up to town whenever you liked. It takes only a short time in the car, and I have several cars. Please, please come to me!"

"You are very kind," he said.

What did he mean by that? These artists were so difficult to manage, yet so well worth the managing. Her eyes, wearied by anxiety and the strain put upon them by film premières, sought his once more.

"Can it be," she said, "that—that you do not trust me, Alphonse?"

"I trust you implicitly," he assured her quickly. "It is not that. No. It is just——"

"Yes?" she broke in. "It is just——?"

"Lady Diana," he said.

At the sound of her rival's name, Lady Bollington blanched. "That woman!" she thought. "Always that woman in my way."

For years she and Lady Diana had loathed one another. In secret, of course. Outwardly they were the best of friends, going everywhere together. But that was only because neither of them dared to let the other out of her sight—for fear of what the other might do or say. On the surface they were a couple of love-birds. But their hearts beat to a rhythm of suppressed jealousy.

FROM the window Lady Bollington looked down upon the street, shadowy now in the waning daylight. For all she knew, Diana might be out there, skulking behind one of the plane-trees. Diana was a born spy. She would stop at nothing to gain her own ends. Especially where Alphonse was concerned.

"She's not *good* enough for you!" exclaimed Lady Bollington, turning suddenly back into the room. "Not half good enough. With me," her tone became conciliatory, "you would be far, far happier, Alphonse. I will deny you nothing."

That seeming indifference which before had characterised the suave Alphonse, was melted somewhat. He came to life, exhibiting such signs of emotion as one expects to find in a man faced by some vital problem. Restlessly he paced the room, the thin fingers of both hands plucking nervously at the dark mass of his hair.

"Never before," he said, "have I been in such a quandary."

"Not *good* enough . . ." repeated Lady Bollington. "Why, I could tell you things about Diana. . . ."

She was gently interrupted by Alphonse, who, coming to a standstill, said:

"But I have to admit it—Lady Diana has been a good mistress. We Frenchmen are said to be blasé." He shrugged his well-tailored shoulders. "All the same, I have no fault to find. She suited me—perfectly."

One would have thought that by such a declaration Lady Bollington might have been a little embarrassed. But she had lived long enough in the world—her world—to know that embarrassment is no more than a waste of time. Realising what a great artist Alphonse was, and having learned from experience how "touchy" on the matter of cash payments all great artists are (or pretend that they are), she had not before brought up the subject of finance. Now, though, she considered the moment for it had arrived. With that subtlety which, as practised by Society hostesses and other world dictators, amounts to genius, she said, reflectively:

"One has to live, Alphonse."

"Indeed one has to," he agreed.

"And to save. . . ."

"And to save. . . ."

Promptly she took a cheque-book from her bag. As promptly Alphonse waved her to a table on which was set a pen, ink, and blotting-paper.

"How much?" asked Lady Bollington, her pen poised in the air.

"Wait," commanded Alphonse. He cleared his throat. "Am I to understand that if I go away with you I am to be master in your own house? Your servants shall be told to obey me absolutely?"

"Your word shall be their law."

"And I shall be able to choose not only my own food, but yours as well? I am most particular about food, you know."

"The choice shall be yours."

"That is good," said Alphonse. "One other thing. Does your husband know of this affair between us?"

"Not yet," admitted Lady Bollington. "But of course he will have to be told."

"I have had trouble with husbands before now. And I do not like it. Perhaps you would inform Lord Bollington as soon as possible?"

"As you wish. And now—how much?"

The sum Alphonse mentioned would have shaken a lesser woman. But without a tremor Lady Bollington signed the cheque, thinking joyfully as she did so of what insane fury her action would eventually cause Diana. Triumphantly she handed the slip of paper to its new owner.

"Now," she said, "you are mine."

Alphonse bowed.

"You cannot imagine," continued Lady Bollington, whose habitual sprightliness was now quickly returning, "how happy you have made me. Since the night of Lady Diana's last dinner-party I have wanted you. How she boasted of you that night, Alphonse! Poor Diana," she added, "one cannot but feel sorry for her. Undoubtedly she will leave London when she hears. It is the only thing she can do to save her face."

With a light step, and the face-cream smile back where it belonged, Lady Bollington retraced her steps along the now deserted street, stopping suddenly to enter a telephone booth. . . .

AWAKENED out of a stupor by the buzz in his ear, Lord Bollington, with still-closed eyes, listened to his wife's voice coming over the wire.

"I've fixed it," said the voice. "Our position is secure. From now on we own the best chef in Europe."

THE END

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

Slim, graceful lines will be fashionable this season, and though accessories are important, they will be severe rather than fussy. Skirts are, if anything, a little shorter, and remain tight, with split hemlines. A charming ensemble designed for afternoon wear may be seen on the right. It comes from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, and is delightfully practical, as it may be worn under a fur coat. The dress has a ripple satin back silk skirt, and printed corsage, with short, puff sleeves, and a stand-up frilled collar with black ciré satin tie. The coat which accompanies it is made of the same printed material lined with black taffeta. It is available in various colour-schemes, including black and white, and costs 14½ guineas

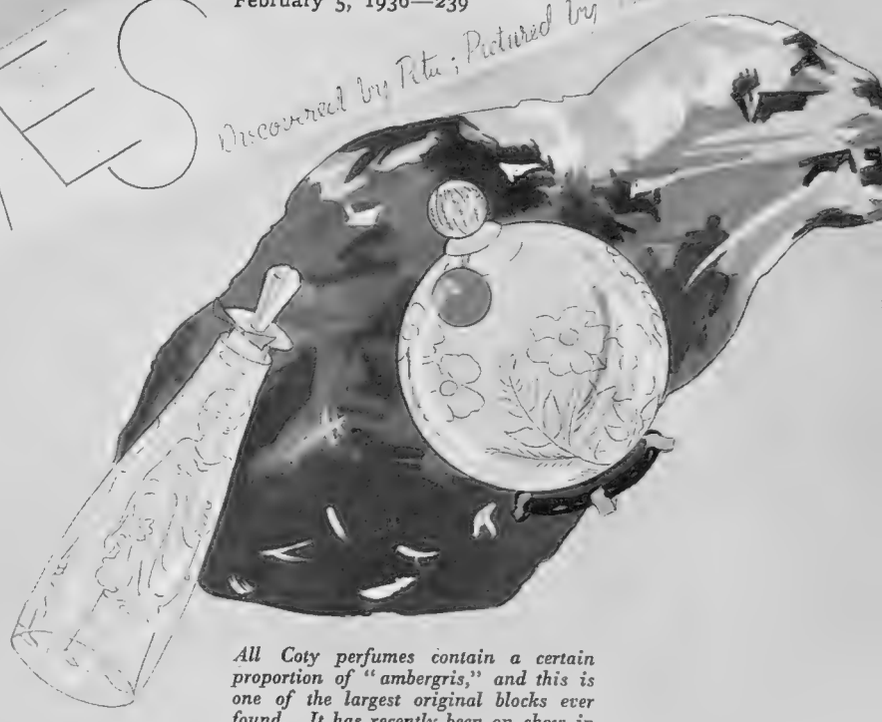
Dover Street Studios

Simple Lines for the Younger Set

Children nowadays take a far keener interest in their wardrobe than they used to; in fact, even the tiny tots are very firm in their likes and dislikes. There is a marked simplicity, however, about the nursery fashions which is very becoming. Little boys, if they are very small, wear either rompers or linen suits for playing in, unless, of course, the weather is cold, when they wear wool. For parties they wear either silk or shantung. In the same way, little girls are perfectly happy in crawlers or smocks in floral linens and cottons. Their party frocks may be of printed crêpe-de-Chine, spotted muslin, taffeta, etc., with knickers to match, since they are mostly short. A few, however, are ankle length, which appeals to older girls. The two children standing above are dressed by Liberty's, Regent Street. A plain shantung suit is worn by the boy, aged about four. The short trousers button on to the blouse, which is trimmed with kilting and mother-o'-pearl buttons. His companion is wearing a hand-printed crêpe-de-Chine frock cut with a full skirt and short sleeves; the square neck being outlined with white georgette frills. A wool crêpe frock, designed and made by the same firm, is seen on the left. It is trimmed with white collar and cuffs, and has knife-pleats in the skirt

The Bystander Twins in search of NOVELTIES

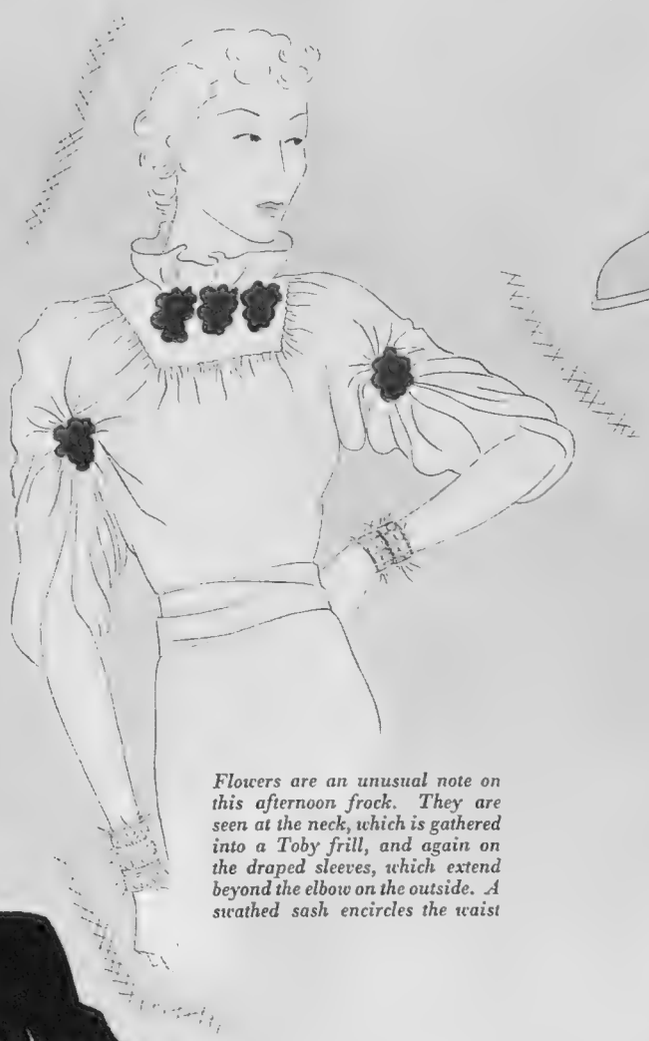
Discovered by Rita; Pictured by Pam.



All Coty perfumes contain a certain proportion of "ambergris," and this is one of the largest original blocks ever found. It has recently been on show in the Coty salons, 2, New Bond Street, and is valued at £1532. It weighs 39 lb., and was found floating in the sea, near the coast of Madagascar and Japan

Caps promise to be very fashionable this season, and are most original in design. The one on the left would look charming in black and white taffeta, or grosgrain, with its double cock's comb and bunch of lacquered flowers. It should be worn tilted slightly over one eye

Here is a new type of shoe for golf and country wear, designed by Lillywhites, Piccadilly Circus. It can be made in reversed calf or waterproof leather, and is cut with a short vamp and ankle strap. The latter affords extra support and is a protection against mud and splashing



Feather accessories are a change from organdi, and add a note of individuality. Below is a black frock with a flared basque, and white feather jabot which is detachable. A touch of white is introduced on the black military cap

Flowers are an unusual note on this afternoon frock. They are seen at the neck, which is gathered into a Toby frill, and again on the draped sleeves, which extend beyond the elbow on the outside. A swathed sash encircles the waist

The perfect pull-over on the right, which is guaranteed windproof, may be seen at Lillywhites. It has been appropriately called the "Wind-cheater," and is ideal for golf, since it may be worn over a jumper or blouse. It is woven with a fleece lining and only costs 10s. 6d.

• Second Thoughts on First Nights

More Cowardian Versatility

"To-night at 8.30" (Phoenix Theatre)

No one can accuse Noel Coward of lacking versatility. The second series of his triple-bill programme at the Phœnix Theatre is a varied and entertaining show. The first item, *Hands Across the Sea*, is a gem of its kind. The author himself, as Commander Peter Gilpin, a typical N.O., does not have much scope, but Gertrude Lawrence, as his wife, Lady Maureen Gilpin, gives a really clever study of the vague and ultra-modern young hostess who has her flat full of kindred spirits. No one could fail to enjoy her determination not to give herself away when it slowly dawns on her that her two guests from overseas are not the Rawlinsons she was expecting, but a totally different couple whose names she has completely forgotten.

The telephone plays an important part: it is scarcely ever silent, and the intricate conversations with friends, about parties, quarrels, scandals, and somebody whose baby (to everyone's intense annoyance) has not arrived are full of good stuff and telling lines suggesting a crowd of people whom it would be amusing to see in the flesh. The unfortunate Mr. and Mrs. Wadhurst (Alan Webb and Alison Leggatt) supply the necessary contrast, and in spite of their gallant efforts they are obviously shaken by this glimpse of a life so different from that on a rubber plantation. Can Malaya really have such a devastating effect on people as Noel Coward apparently thinks? His mordantly amusing songs, "The Sun Never Sets on Government House," and "Mad Dogs and Englishmen Go Out in the Midday Sun," seem to suggest a certain prejudice, perhaps excusable if the Wadhursts are a fair example.

Crying for new worlds to conquer, Noel Coward turns to dancing in "Shadow Play," and, as usual, succeeds. Again as usual, Gertrude Lawrence succeeds with him

Sketch by Rouson

The second comedy, *Fumed Oak*, is, as far as the characters are concerned, justly labelled unpleasant. Mr. and Mrs. Gow (Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence) have little to recommend them, and their offspring, Elsie (Moya Nugent), is simply horrid. We see them first at breakfast, where the acid silence is only broken by snapping and nagging at each other and wrangling with Grandma (Alison Leggatt). David Gow is so extravagantly silent that it seems probable that in the second scene he will be extravagantly strong. And strong he is: a worm that turns is nothing to David.

For years he has been saving up his money and his opinions of his family; the money he now proposes to take with him to some brighter and better country; his opinions he hands out, not without personal violence, to his dumbfounded relatives. It is one of those plays full of laughs, the characters are amusing in spite, or because, of their unpleasantness, and yet anybody would run a mile rather than meet them in real life.

The third and last play is a very different proposition. It is a fantasy to which it is difficult to attune the mind after the comedies which precede it, and perhaps its proper place is first in the programme instead of last. Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence play the parts of Mr. and Mrs. Gayforth, whose married life started with such promise of happiness and is now working up for a bad crash. Victoria Gayforth takes an overdose of her sleeping draught, and we have presented to us in a series of scenes, the confused pictures and memories that flit through her distraught mind while under the influence of the dope. Unfortunately, they come across the footlights still considerably confused, and there often seems to be an undue straining after effect. There are scraps of dialogue which should be passionate and intense, but these lack conviction, principally owing to their scrappiness, which is not a very happy medium for the expression of sincere feeling. There are some attractive musical numbers, notably "You Were There," which should be very popular; and there is much in *Shadow Play* that is pleasing to the eye. If anyone wants to know which of these triple bills to go and see, I can only honestly advise them to see both.

NEW YORK LETTER

Mid-January News of the Doings of the Mayfair Contingent in America

NEW YORK, *January 17th*, 1936.

WE suppose that most of the persistent "going-outers" do go to New York some time in their lives. Possibly after a serious flirtation with the idea for months and years before actually "making it."

For ourselves, we found that the dizzy heights of the Manhattan buildings were even higher than we expected; that there was less scurry and flurry and clatter and noise than we had been led to believe; that the shops were maddeningly attractive, and unbelievably inexpensive—a hat for one dollar, an Ascot dress for six!

Keeping Early Hours

AMONG the passengers on our boat going over were Lady Tredegar and Miss Rosemary Kerr, Mr. "Eddie" Tatham (keeping strictly early hours), Mr. Eric Hatry (keeping just the opposite—chess being the reason), and Lord Donegall (photographing everything and everybody in sight). Mr. Alec Waugh was also on board, on his way to California to deliver a series of lectures.

A Tall ex-Deb

ALSO among the passengers on the Washington were M. and Mme. Jean Depuy. He is a young, dark and attractive Frenchman, with a passion for chess, and is the owner of several French newspapers, including the *Petit Parisien* and the *Excelsior*. Mayfair-ites will remember Mme. Depuy as Dorothy Spreckles, a charming American deb four or five years ago. She is tall and pale, with luminous grey eyes, blond cendré hair, and the exquisite clothes and jewellery one expects of a rich American girl who lives in Paris.

They were embarking on a three months' holiday, and were en route for Palm Beach and the Spreckles' family mansion in California.

A Different Harlem

HARLEM, to which every tourist has to make at least one nocturnal expedition, was a bit of a surprise. Perhaps we had expected a "quartier" something like Montmartre (stuffy and reeking of garlic or fried chicken!), or the narrow streets and cramped courtyards of Soho.

The wide thoroughfares, high buildings, trams loaded at all hours of the day and night with dusky passengers, the busy and prosperous life of that enormous district is amazing.

The Cotton Club, where they have the most marvellous cabaret, and a smaller dive, called "The Red Pirate," are two of the most popular among the visiting fraternity.

A Grand Party

THE New York White Russians seem to have set their set (and others) talking by the party they gave on their Russian New Year's Eve, January 13th. Prince Serge Obolensky, Manhattan's No. 1 Russian, his sister-in-law, Mrs. Vincent Astor, Prince and Princess Otto von Bismarck, who are staying with Mrs. Harrison Williams, Lady Dufferin, Mrs. Tanis Montagu, Mrs. Shevlin Smith, and, of course, Miss Elsa Maxwell, were a mere handful of those present.

The Bismarck trio (his brother, Count Albrecht, is with them) were the star visitors, socially, in New York at the moment, but by now have left for the South, with their hostess, Mrs. Harrison Williams, who has a yacht, houses in New York and Palm Beach, grey hair, and beauty of the Dresden china type, with exquisite clothes to match, and a mass of friends in some of Mayfair's most exclusive circles.

To Meet the Guinnesses

STRENUOUS entertaining for a whole "gaggle of Guinnesses" went with a swing. Every party seemed to be given "to meet" Mrs. Tanis Montagu, Lady Dufferin, or Mrs. Kindersley, who arrived just after the others. The Charles Cavendishes, too, were on every amusing party. "Lady Cavendish," as they persist in calling her, had been broadcasting successfully from the Radio City Building, before they went off down South.

Reading Plays by the Dozen

GEORGE METAXA is another radio star at the moment. We heard of him at "21," most popular of all dining and supping places, and later at El Morocco, which seems to correspond to our own Four Hundred in that if you want to see your friends, it's a waste of time and money to go anywhere else after midnight.

It was at "21" that we heard of Tallulah, pale and wan after her recent illness, but full of the same volatile personality. She told us that she is reading plays by the dozen, in the hope of finding one to come back in.

Adrienne Allen has a pent-house and her children over there, and sounds so "dug in" that it is bad news for London. She was thrilled at her husband's opening in a new play in Philadelphia within a few hours of his arrival, and at the prospect of its transportation to New York.

Princess Otto von Bismarck, who was in New York when our news came from there, is now down at Palm Beach. She and Mr. Milton Holden were at El Patio, one of Florida's night-life centres

On Saturday Nights

AT the "60 Club," where all the "smarties" go on Saturday nights, we heard of a big party of socialites given by Mr. Blumenthall: the lovely Adrienne Ames; Hilda Knight, a beautiful red-head who was among the first batch of Dorchester Girls; Miss Vivien Dixon, just out, and most attractive (she's a step-sister of "Boy" and "Buzzy" Scheftel); and beautiful Mrs. Barbara Walsh, in the "quietest" of black dresses.

Among the Stars

WHAT other news from over here? Beatrice Lillie and Reginald Gardner are an amazingly successful "team" in the revue *At Home Abroad*, and a riot in the cabaret at Montmartre at midnight. Dwight Fiske, who has packed the Savoy Plaza for three months and has just gone to Florida, will be back in London in June; and "Soph, Old Girl" our beloved Miss Tucker, is drawing the town to Helen Morgan's.

Both Pretty and Pretty Important

A NEW method of hairdressing has apparently appeared, launched by no less a person than one of the young Mrs. Hearsts, who, because she is young, pretty, and pretty important, will doubtless have a following. The hair is rolled off the face all round, as though over a small pad, or "rat," as they were called when Gibson Girls piled their mountainous coiffures on top of them.

MISS PEEPS

Lord Charles Cavendish, Miss Beatrice Lillie, Lady Charles Cavendish, Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, Senior, and Miss Elsa Maxwell were in a supper-party at the New Montmartre on Broadway when this snapshot was taken. Since then the Charles Cavendishes, like everyone else who could, have gone South

Mlle. Maillart and Arnold Lunn

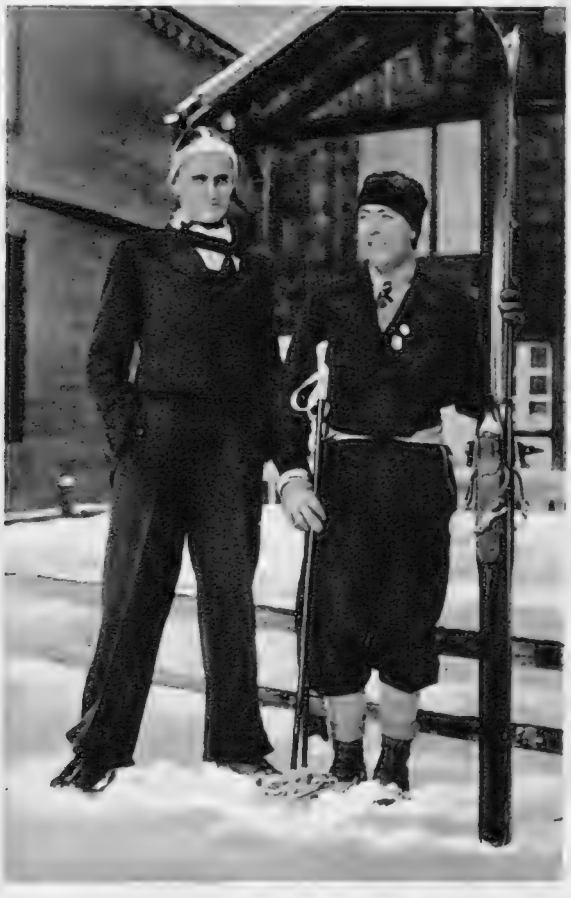
Mlle. Maillart was Peter Fleming's Swiss explorer-partner on his Peking to Kashmir expedition. She 's ski-ing at Mürren, and talking to Arnold Lunn, "father of downhill racing" and also of the captain of the British Olympic Games ski-team

Right: Bridget Robertson had just arrived in Mürren, and was, like all recent migrants from London, wearing mourning. She 's the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Robertson, of Begbroke, Oxfordshire, and a niece of Lady Mabel Lunn, who is her Swiss chaperon

Miss Bridget Robertson

Miss Anne Cross Centred This Trio

Miss Anne Cross, a Cheshire decoration, is with Captain "G." Tapp and Mr. John Dyson-Taylor, who possesses a graceful ski-ing style and a white waterproof "sari," which is Austria's speciality this season



Freddy Cameron and Michael Rowton

These two fine ski-ers were at Mürren: Michael Rowton is now at Garmisch ski-ing for Britain. Freddy Cameron is a well-known slalom performer, but was ill and unable to train for the Olympic meeting

The Hon. Lydia Yarde-Buller

Has been ski-ing in Mürren with her two elder sisters, Mrs. Joan Guinness and Denise Yarde-Buller. Her younger sister, Primrose, is engaged to Lord Cadogan

Mrs. Charles Richmond-Brown

Another Mürren lovely is Mrs. Charles Richmond-Brown. She was Audrey Baring before she was married in 1933, and is Lady Ulrica Baring's second daughter. Her husband is in the Welsh Guards. She is a descendant of that famous Victorian beauty, the Duchess of Leinster

A Tale of the Snows

Ski-ers Who 've Been on the Mürren, Wengen, Scheidegg and Grindelwald Slopes

Two from Scheidegg

Miss Gwen Kingham, a member of the English colony in Paris, and Mlle. Renée du Plessis were staying with the Christopher Mackintoshes at Kleine Scheidegg. Mlle. du Plessis was presented in London in 1934

Two from Wengen

"Ruff" Allcroft and John Rathbone, M.P. for Bodmin, were waiting for a train up to Scheidegg. Mr. Allcroft comes from Shropshire; he was in the Peter Dudgeons' Wengen party

Miss "Tiny" Dennistoun Sword

Was also staying at Scheidegg with the Mackintoshs' large party, but was photographed in Wengen on a ski-ing and shopping expedition. She was wearing a thick navy-blue sweater and cream ribbed plus fours

Mrs. Victor Gordon-Lennox

Scheidegg Quartet

Left: Mrs. Gordon-Lennox has been at Grindelwald; she had a badly broken hand, but was to race for Canada at Garmisch if it mended in time. She comes from Ottawa, and is Admiral Sir Charles Kingsmill's daughter

The cheerful-looking Kleine Scheidegg quartet above are Count Philip Orssich, an Austrian migrant, Mrs. John Taylor, Captain Egerton Boughton-Leigh, and Ian Fenwick, who has been using his caricaturist pencil on the ski-ing world

Pretty Brenda Norris, of Bramley, is the sister of the runner-up in the Boys' Championship. She was sitting with Jean Hayes

Mary Brown was the first entrant from Royal Liverpool. In the first round she beat Sonia Vagliano, but lost the second to Waveney Beesley

Joan Negretti is a long hitter from Worplesdon. Wearing the knuckle-straps is Mary Cowan, of Royal Ashdown Forest

In Retrospect: the Girls' Championship at Stoke Poges Last September

More Foursomes and Fewer Clubs

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

THERE are going to be so many new competitions this year, some for charity and some for pure amusement, that a start had better be made at once with telling you of them. But first let a reminder just be given that the ever-popular Roehampton Open Meeting, when the scratch Gold Challenge Cup is the great attraction, is down for Friday, March 13th, entries closing on March 7th. Then our own BYSTANDER Northern Foursomes; the entry form and all details of hotels and what not will appear for the first time on February 19th, and entries close on that same March 13th, so that hurried last moment pairings by those who win that afternoon at Roehampton will have their chance of getting in.

ONE of these new competitions that you must hear about is Foursomes of the ladies' open scratch variety. Wentworth is the promoting club and the venue, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 26th to 28th of May, the date. There is to be no restriction as obtains, of course, in the London Foursomes, where players must both belong to the same club, and that club be situated within thirty miles of London; for Wentworth, any two players can enter together, provided only that both of them have handicaps of eight or less, and Mr. Rawlinson tells me that already a number of leading lights have said that they mean to come, so, if only they carry out their intentions, there ought to be some extremely interesting golf.

It always lends vast interest to BYSTANDER Foursomes when the lowest handicap pairs come through and meet others of the same calibre on level terms, and it looks as if those who hold BYSTANDER cups at the present moment, handicap though these are, could put up some fine shows at Wentworth. For consider: the Autumn Cups are held by the reigning Open Champion, Miss Wanda Morgan, and Miss Doris Chambers; the Northern by Miss Mary Johnson, twice English Championship runner-up, and Miss Barbara Lees; the Scottish by Miss Cradock-Hartopp, of Worplesdon fame, and Miss Bridget Newell, as excellent a pair as ever set their teeth and said "We will"; and the One Day Spring Medal Foursomes, which alone of all these are scratch, by the German Champion, Miss Audrey Holmes, and Miss Eileen Young. Mrs. Greenlees and Miss Wade, who won the Foursomes Championship of New Zealand, might foregather at Wentworth; so might Mrs. Walker, with either Miss Jessie Anderson or Miss Pam Barton. In fact, the possibilities are endless, and full-dress rehearsals will doubtless add to the excitements of Northern Foursomes at Seacroft, and One Day Spring Medal at Royal Mid-Surrey.

LIMITATION of armaments, in the shape not of ball manufacture, but of how many clubs the golfer may carry and how slow he or she may be, has been arousing the echoes in U.S.A. Personally, I have often longed to offer a prize at a county or open meeting for the best card from somebody carrying their own clubs, because that would almost inevitably curtail the number carried. But such an idea would be hard on the caddies; and the U.S.A. agitation suggests that it would be much better to offer such a prize for the player whose bag contained only a specified number of clubs. I am quite convinced that many modern golfers do carry too many, not only for the well-being of their caddies, but also for their own enjoyment and performance.

At the risk of being thought an old-fashioned diehard, I must admit that the spared spoon, or the half-iron, were shots which gave more pleasure to play and watch than a full bang with an iron of lesser number; and I am prepared to argue the point with anybody.

As to performance, the field for argument may be wider, but I feel as if a good case might be made out for the fewer clubs and the more shots. Given absolutely accurate matching of club to distance and wind and atmospheric condition, there may be virtue in swinging the club the same distance and in precisely the same way for every length of shot. But on a strange course, or with a strange and perhaps stupid caddie, with a chancey wind or any of those unforeseen conditions which do arise, is there not something to be said for the golfing instinct which can depart from the stereotyped and, by some process which defies analysis, convey from brain to hand, and from hand to club, and club to ball how hard the shot must be hit, and with what sort of flight?

THE judging of distance must, to my mind, always remain the most fascinating process in the whole range of golfing skill, or, rather, should one say the translation of distance into the appropriate shot? I cannot help thinking, therefore, that the young golfer whose translation is a mere grammarian affair of a different numbered iron, misses something in golfing education as well as enjoyment, and leaves herself a less accomplished golfer, less able to go on doing fine scores round a variety of courses, than the old-timers who had to use their wits more.

I am all for modern inventions and progressions, but not where they stultify human wits. And the multiplicity of clubs does seem to me to harbour a danger in that direction. Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

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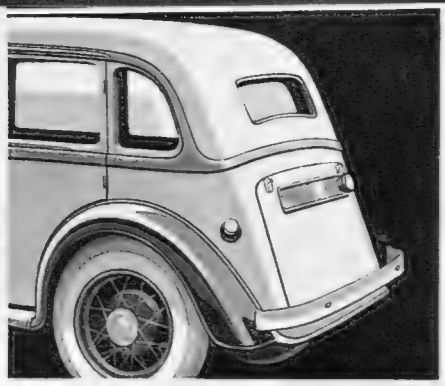
The Sherborne £178

The Sherborne Fixed-Head Saloon **£162.10s.**



FEATURES: *Downswept, flush back-panel enclosing spare wheel and luggage carrier; six side-windows; deeply-valanced, wide mudwings; anatomically correct seating; hour-glass steering; fool-proof controls; exceptional stability and safety through low centre of gravity; and the* LONG-PROVED DEPENDABLE AUSTIN TEN-FOUR CHASSIS

The new Austin four-seater "Sherborne" has: FOR COMFORT—full, deep seat squabs, adjustable front seats, hydraulic shock absorbers, wide doors for easy entry, ample headroom and low floor level to avoid cramping. FOR SAFETY—six wide and deep side-windows for all-round vision, traffic indicators with automatic return, powerful brakes, the hand-brake lever within immediate reach and Triplex glass windscreen and windows. FOR CONVENIENCE—flush-fitting sliding roof, indirectly lighted instrument board, large parcel compartment in fascia board and foot-operated dip and switch headlamps. FOR PERFORMANCE—the dependable Ten-Four engine and chassis which give astonishing power and flexibility combined with smoothness and economy of running.

The Lichfield models, as a result of economies in manufacture, have been reduced in price, as follows: Lichfield 4-window Saloon **£168.** *Lichfield Fixed-Head Saloon* **£152.10s.**

Prices at works—effective from Jan. 24.

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J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The "Bystander" Trophy Meeting; and Other Golf Fixtures

Captain Garratt and Douglas Cox (West Surrey) are at the first tee at Cuddington for the Guildford Alliance match. The leading amateur was J. S. F. Morrison, with a net 77 from handicap 1

Captain H. Parker (secretary of home club), J. E. Watt (R.A.C.) and F. W. Le Grove (Cuddington) were all at the Guildford Alliance medal game, which Perry won. Faulkner and Bradbeer tied for second

The Guildford Alliance

Alfred Perry, the Open Champion, won the 18-holes medal competition at Cuddington from plus 2, with a net score of 74. With him is L. C. Hawkes (North Downs)

THE week-end meeting at which the BYSTANDER £500 Trophy is the chief of many prizes will be held this year at Felixstowe on the links of the Felixstowe Golf Club, on Saturday, March 21st, and Sunday, March 22nd.

The competition will take practically the same form as last year: after a qualifying round by medal play on the Saturday morning, the competitors will be divided into sections of eight players each. The first, or Trophy, eight will consist of the players who return the two best scores under handicap from the top quarter of the draw, the players who return the two best scores under handicap from the second quarter of the draw, and the players who return the best four scores under handicap from the bottom half of the draw. These players will compete by match play on the Saturday afternoon and Sunday. The remaining eights will be constituted, and play, in a similar manner to the Trophy eight. There will be a Bogey Competition on the Sunday for those who have been defeated on the Saturday, and also for those who suffer defeat on the Sunday morning. Thus all the competitors are assured of three rounds of competitive golf, and half the competitors are assured of four rounds.

RULE 35 of the Rules of Golf does not apply to the tournament for the Trophy. Some people who do not know Rule 35 may ask why we do not play according to the Rules of Golf, and no one is more anxious than I am that the rules of all games should be strictly observed. Rule 35 concerns disputes, and gives either side the right of having the point on which they disagree referred officially, through the Secretary of the Club, to the Rules of Golf Committee, whose decision shall be final. It is quite impossible for any golf club or other organisation to run a golf tournament by match play and retain Rule 35 in force. If any dispute arises in a match-play tournament it is essential that an immediate decision be arrived at, otherwise the subsequent matches could not start at the appointed times, and an extra day would be required to complete the tournament.

YOU will note that we are again playing on the links of the Felixstowe Golf Club. No doubt there are some who like variety and may think a change of locality desirable. Our choice of a course, however, is very limited, as there are many things which are necessary to insure the success of this competition. The place where it is held must be at the sea, must be within easy reach of London, must possess a golf course with two starting places near the club-house, also an hotel sufficiently large to accommodate the majority of the competitors. Bearing in mind these necessary qualifications, there are very few courses possible for this meeting on the coast between Hunstanton and Bournemouth, and it is undesirable to go further afield. To accommodate the number of players which we desire, it is absolutely essential that the course should possess two starting places near the club-house, otherwise the entry would have to be reduced by about one third.

Full details of the various competitions, how ties will be decided, and the entry form, on which all entries this year must be made, will be found elsewhere in this issue.

THE Sunningdale Foursomes Tournament, open to *all* golfers, is to be played on March 26th, 27th and 28th. This year the conditions have been altered slightly: the professionals still play off plus two; all ladies off four; and all other golfers (this, of course, includes assistants) off scratch; but this year three-quarters of the difference of handicaps will be conceded and received, instead of the full difference, as formerly. Although the notices of this tournament have only been out a few days, several very interesting entries have already been received. Miss Joyce Wethered and Miss Enid Wilson both intend to play, with men amateurs as partners; the holders of the Addington Foursomes, Francis Francis and Auguste Boyer, have again entered, and also Miss Diana Fishwick and Noel Layton, who won in 1934. A strong couple, both of the young school, are Miss Isabella Rieben, who has reigned for two years as Lady Champion of Wales without having to defend her title owing to the Championship last year being abandoned on account of snow, and P. B. Lucas, the leader of the Cambridge team and the best of the young golfers of the present time with the exception of Hector Thomson.

WE are always hearing that the American professional can play considerably more golf than the British professional. To the British professional, to play 72 holes of medal play is quite a strange experience, while it is almost part of the American's routine business. I am therefore very pleased to see that the *Daily Mail* Tournament, which lapsed a few years ago, is again on the list of fixtures. The hundred players, who qualify in the various districts, will play the final stages by medal play over 72 holes on March 31st, April 1st, 2nd, and 3rd, on a course not yet selected. The prize money will total £2000, and the winner will receive £500; nevertheless, it is unfortunate that the inclusion of this tournament in the professional fixture list has caused the abandonment of the Roehampton tournament, which did much to prove that golfers can get just as much enjoyment on a short course as on a long one, and that the best player is just as likely to win under these conditions.

"IT'S FIVE YEARS SINCE, IN SMOKING MY FIRST KENSITAS,* I DISCOVERED A PLAIN-TIP CIGARETTE THAT NEVER HURTS MY THROAT"

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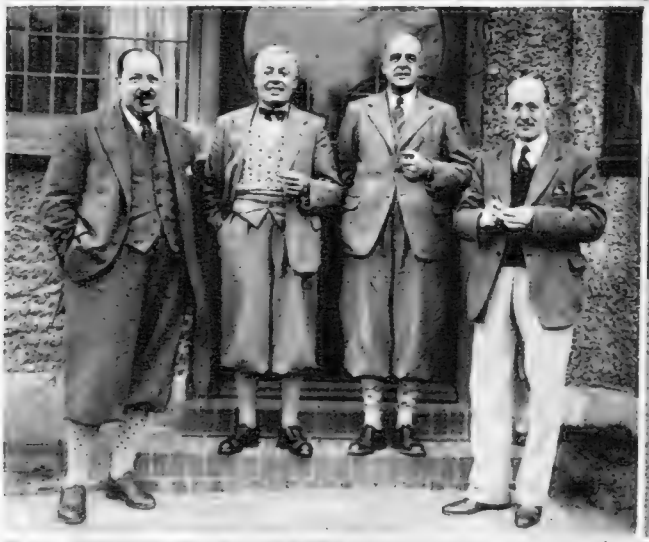
Your Throat Protection Against Irritation...Against Cough

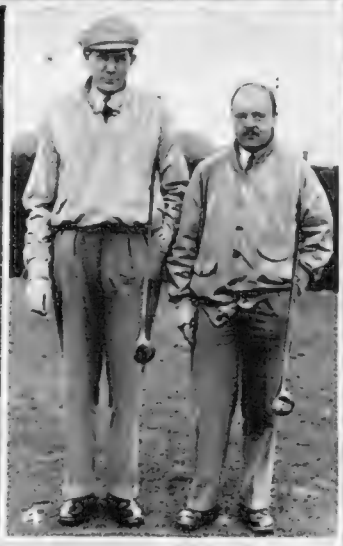
Golf Clubs at Home

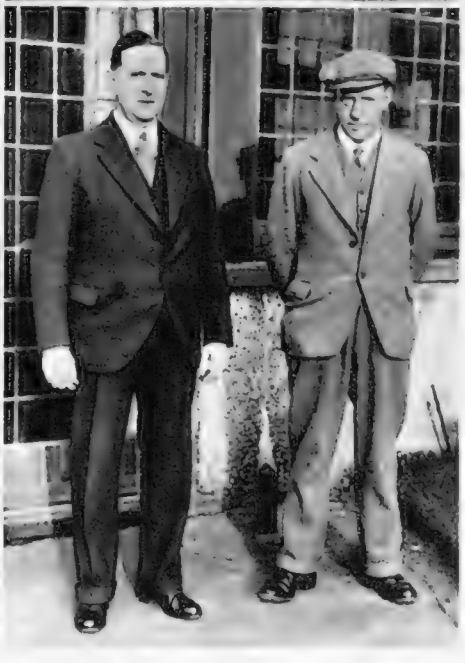
Banstead Downs Club, Sutton, Surrey

A View of the Club-house

(1) E. R. Johnston (captain) and Basil Troughton. (2) W. G. Poole (vice-president and ex-captain), E. J. Henderson and G. H. Norman. (3) H. A. Francis, W. C. Keeling, C. J. Allpass (ex-captain), and G. V. Archer. (4) C. Thain and K. B. Bibby. (5) A. J. Dutch and E. Favell Furniss (secretary). (6) H. Knill Jones, F. F. Boles, and W. G. Cressy. (7) E. C. Holloway and H. H. Holliday. (8) G. S. White (steward) and A. E. Luckett (professional)







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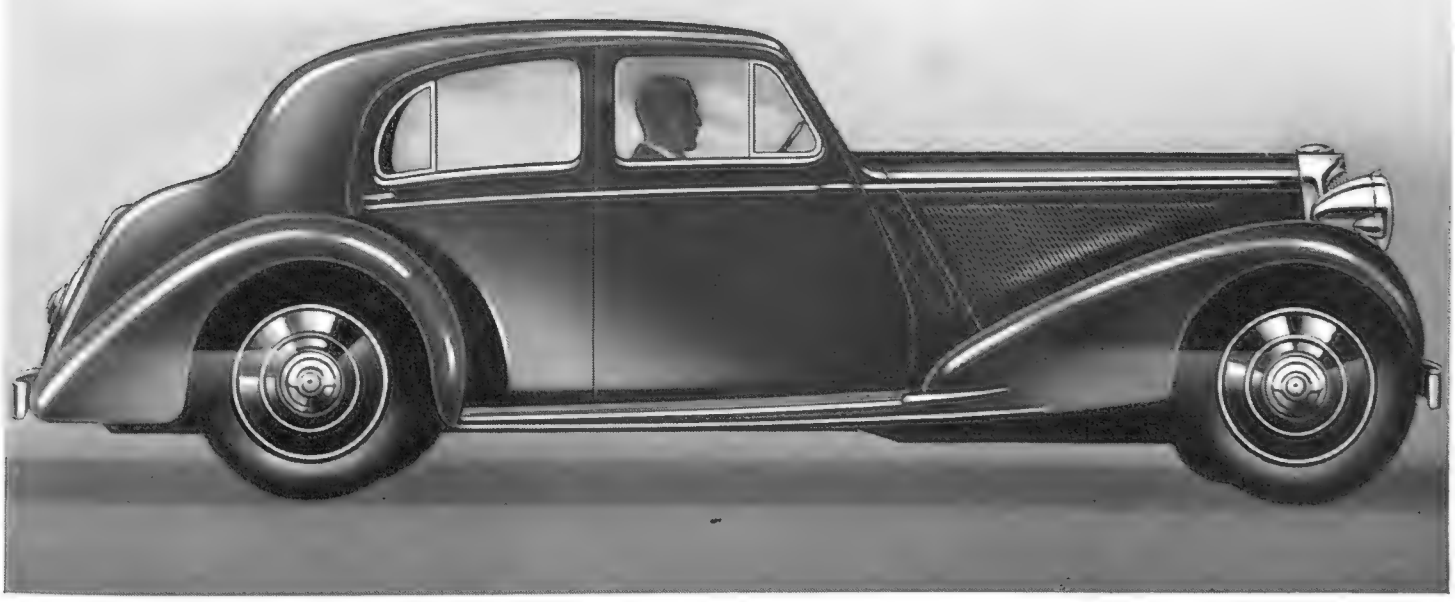

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The "Bystander" Book Shelf

Mr. Claude Houghton: By A. G. Macdonell

MR. CLAUDE HOUGHTON is steadily rising to a position of considerable importance as a novelist. He has an original turn of mind, and obviously thinks long and deeply before writing a single line. And of how many contemporary novelists can either of those things be said? Precious few.

Mr. Houghton's new novel is called *Christina* (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*). Peter Brand, a man of forty-seven, rich, successful, self-confident, has just lost his wife, to whom he had been married for ten years. She is dead, at the early age of thirty-three, and he is heart-broken. But all his grief is suddenly relegated to a very dim background when he discovers in a drawer a bundle of love-letters written by his wife to an unknown lover. His sorrow is supplanted by a wild and livid jealousy of this anonymous man. For Peter Brand is essentially a coarse and selfish character. His love for Christina was really a personal pride in the ownership of such a lovely creature, and his jealousy is personal pique that someone else should have shared the ownership with him. He sets out furiously to track down this mysterious man who has made him feel a fool, who has toppled him off his pedestal of complacency, who has won Christina's love from him. He almost forgets that Christina is dead, in the overwhelming shame of realising that someone has stolen a woman from him. Brand goes to Christina's friends, trying desperately to discover which of them has fooled him, and at the same time desperately concealing the fact that anyone has fooled him. Tortured with suspicion, he neglects his office, begins to drink heavily, and finally murders the man on whom he has fastened the guilt. Then a woman friend of Christina's comes home from abroad, and tells him that the letters were really written to himself, "not to the successful Mr. Brand, but to the Peter Brand who fell in love with her—quite a different person. . . . She believed that there was another man hidden away in you—a man you denied, and of whom you were afraid." And there the story ends.

IT is obvious that from the very start the reader has got to accept an improbability. Women who write passionate and compromising love-letters do not beg for their letters back in order to burn them and then lock them in a drawer unburnt. And an experienced man of the world like Brand would have spotted that at once. But once this unlikely event has been got over, the development of the book is carried out extraordinarily well. Christina herself does not live as a character, but that is only because she is viewed almost entirely through the eyes of the coarse, insensitive Brand. But the other characters are vivid. Christina's lame-dogs, whom she encouraged and inspired, are a strange and tragic crew. Mr. Houghton's career is really getting most exciting.

Claude Houghton

Claude Houghton is a novelist, poet, playwright and essayist, "steadily rising to a position of considerable importance." Reviewed on this page is Mr. Houghton's latest novel, "Christina." Claude Houghton of the book world is a Government accountant in real life

WHAT an amazing sequence of ups-and-downs filled the life of Pierre Augustin Caron, better known as Beaumarchais, author of *The Barber of Seville* and *The Marriage of Figaro*. Mr. Paul Frischauer has written a biography of him, published by Ivor Nicholson and Watson (21*s.*). Caron was a humble watchmaker with immense ambition, and a remarkable supply of resilience and nerve. He was passionately determined to force his way into the charmed and corrupt circle of Versailles. Louis XV. was on the throne, and, although the glorious sun of the French Monarchy was steadily sinking to the horizon, there were still a few years left in which an adventurer might feather a nest. Caron used every device to force his way upwards. He made the acquaintance of an elderly Court official and his wife. The official died mysteriously (Mr. Frischauer hurries over the affair), and Caron succeeded to his wife and his posts and his cash. Then the wife died suddenly, and most conveniently, and M. Caron, who had recently invented the name of de Beaumarchais for himself, came in for a lot of suspicion of having committed a double murder. But nothing was ever proved. A friendship with a big financier brought the widower into business-circles, and with his profits he bought his way into the ranks of the nobility. But the ancient families of France detested the parvenu, and when the opportunity arose they combined to smash him socially and financially. But Beaumarchais was resilient, and he most gallantly "fought back." It is a remarkable story of a remarkable man. Mr. Frischauer has told the tale moderately well. He is, perhaps, rather too gossipy and not sufficiently historical, and the trick of inventing thoughts for other people is rather irritating. It is also a pity that the biographer should practically finish his work at the outbreak of the Revolution. Beaumarchais did not die until 1799.

MISS ANN STAFFORD'S latest novel is called *The Game and the Candle* (Collins; 7*s.* 6*d.*), and she deals with the problem of married women in offices. Ought women to resign their jobs on marriage? She mingles this central core cleverly with descriptions of life in a Baker Street lending library, and in an artist's studio in St. John's Wood. The manager of the library is Miss Callard, and she marries the artist. Her staff covet her job and try to get her dismissed. Her home-life is upset by her work, and her work is very nearly upset by her upset home-life. However, she manages to save herself from falling between two stools. It is a conscientious and skilful bit of work, perhaps not quite drawn with sufficient emphasis. The edges of Miss Stafford's predilections are a bit blurred. And I cannot believe that any married couple would use quite such language to each other within a few weeks of their marriage.

MR. THORNE-SMITH, that light-hearted and convivial American, is dead, but he left four novels behind him which had not been published in this country The first, *The Glorious Pool*, was published by Messrs. Arthur Barker last year. Now comes the second, *Skin and Bones*, from the same firm, at 7*s.* 6*d.* It is typical Thorne-Smith. Mr. Quintus Bland was a successful professional photographer in New York, and one day he, who had dabbled so long with fluoroscopic films, became suddenly a fluoroscopic man. In other words, a skeleton. His adventures are staggering, and weird, and, of course, highly improper. He tumbles into coffins and bedrooms and compromising situations at a terrific pace, and always manages to tumble out again. Distinctly not a book for your maiden aunts.

THE

MONTE CARLO

CALENDAR

WINTER SEASON, 1936

MARCH 4 Berlioz' "Requiem," Conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos.
MARCH 5 Monte Carlo Golf Club—"Walter de Frece" Challenge Cup.
MARCH 6 MUSIC—GALA CONCERT, CONDUCTED BY RICHARD STRAUSS.
MARCH 8 Winter Sports—Monte Carlo Ski Club Relay Race at Beuil
MARCH 19–20 Monte Carlo Golf Club—THE PRESIDENT'S CHALLENGE CUP.
MARCH 20 César Franck's "Béatitudes," Conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos.
MARCH 22 Fencing Tournament.
MARCH 25 CLASSICAL CONCERT WITH MME. ELISABETH SCHUMANN.
MARCH 27 GRAND RECITAL BY MME. ELISABETH SCHUMANN.
MARCH 28–29 International Dog Show.
MARCH 30–APRIL 5 Annual Tennis Criterium of the Principality of Monaco.
APRIL 1 GALA CONCERT WITH MME. LOTTE LEHMANN.
APRIL 2 Monte Carlo Theatre—OPENING OF THE BALLET SEASON.
APRIL 3 GRAND RECITAL BY MME. LOTTE LEHMANN.
APRIL 4 Automobile "Concours d'Elégance."
APRIL 8 GALA CONCERT WITH FRITZ KREISLER.
APRIL 10 GRAND RECITAL BY FRITZ KREISLER.
APRIL 11–13 Motor Races; Prince Rainier Cup & GRAND PRIX DE MONACO.
APRIL 13–29 Monte Carlo Country Club—Easter Tennis Tournament.
APRIL 14 Monte Carlo Golf Club—THE STANLEY CUP.
APRIL 15 Verdi's "Requiem," Conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos.

SUMMER SEASON AT MONTE CARLO BEACH: The Beach and Swimming Pool will open in May. The Beach Hotels open on June 1 and the Summer Sporting Club opens in July.

(The foregoing is only a brief summary of the more important events up to the end of April: the programme for February has already been published in earlier editions of the Calendar.)

TRAVEL ARRANGEMENTS

TRAIN (24 hours) 1st Class Return Fare, £19 5s. Return Sleeper, £9 19s. 2d.
2nd Class Return Fare, £14 0s. 2d. Return Sleeper, £8 17s. 10d.

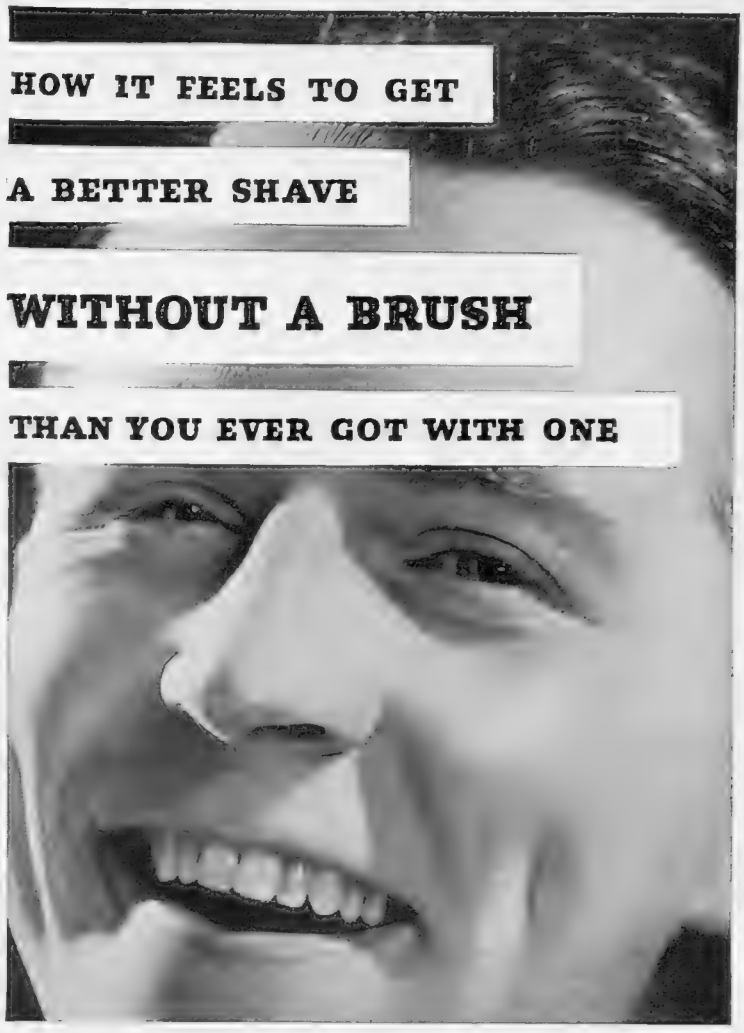
30-day tickets are available on two days a week at a substantial reduction.

AIR (7 hours) Return Fare (to Mandelieu Aerodrome), £22 1s.

SEA (7 days) 1st Class Return Fare (to Marseilles), £22.
2nd Class Return Fare (to Marseilles), £16.

HOTELS—HOTEL DE PARIS.—Full pension terms from 30s. per day.
HOTEL HERMITAGE.—Full pension terms from £1 per day.
HOTEL METROPOLE.—Full pension terms from £1 per day.

At each of these hotels visitors enjoy the advantage of the "pension tournante," which is an arrangement permitting them to take their meals either at the Cafe de Paris or the International Sporting Club as an alternative to their Hotel Restaurant. There are other good hotels to suit every purse, where full pension terms can be arranged from 10s. per day. Full particulars from Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd., and all travel agencies.



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Cheaper 'Planes in Sight

By Charles Ward

Air France: on the right, M. Louis Allegre, Managing Director of Air France, who flew the South Atlantic twice as a passenger before his Company started their regular weekly crossing. On the left is Doré, the famous French stunt pilot

Around the Clubs

THE R.A.F. Flying Club announces that both its annual dinner and the Club's Display have been cancelled in view of the death of his late Majesty King George V. Not the least interesting point made by Captain Duncan Davis at the annual general meeting of the Brooklands Aero Club was that no Brooklands machine had experienced engine failure during the last five years. Careful maintenance to ensure trouble-free flying costs money, which is the answer to those members who called for cheaper solos. There can be no cheaper club flying anywhere until one of several costs is lowered. We need a much cheaper light aeroplane and engine, or exemption from the petrol tax, or more subsidy. The cheaper 'plane is in sight, but has not yet taken off and landed sufficiently often for us to be sure that it will pay to buy it in quantity. Petrol tax and subsidy are controlled by the Treasury, notoriously hard-hearted towards a sport still regarded officially as one for those with money to burn. Reverting to Brooklands, there will be an Aerial Treasure Hunt on Sunday next, February 9th, open to members of other clubs. Prizes include a cup and vouchers for flying on Brooklands machines. Club activities generally increased very considerably last year, the number of 'planes owned going up from 108 to 144. Several new aerodromes are being opened this spring and a prosperous year should be in sight.

Coast-to-Coasters

THE "Douglas" Sleeper has completed its tests and will shortly be used in quantity for the famous coast-to-coast night service across the United States. In that country, night flying is recognised at its true value—no trans-continental train or coach has an advantage over the aeroplane during the night hours, for as much flying takes place after dark as during daylight. The new Sleeper has berths for sixteen passengers, with dressing-rooms, hot and cold running water, and a kitchen. Its range is sufficient to carry it across the continent, with one stop only for fuel, so that a business man could leave California at 7 p.m. and arrive in his New York office at 9 o'clock the following morning, having enjoyed a good night's sleep. The Atlantic link in the chain of an air route round the world is being explored by another survey party—this time from Germany. In addition to services by Zeppelin, the Lufthansa proposes to start a line to New York, using one of its depot ships, similar to those stationed in the South Atlantic, as a mid-way refuelling point. Imperial Airways is likely to be first over the ocean, tests with the Mayo type being due to take place in the early summer. Another new route, almost coast to coast, is that from Khartoum to Kano in Nigeria, traversing the entire width of the Sahara Desert. An Imperial Airways' liner left Croydon a fortnight ago, complete with a staff of engineers, traffic officer for West Africa, and an airport manager. The de Havilland "Express" is the type of liner chosen for this service, which will form a valuable trade link between British possessions.

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

Reform versus Reaction

I WILL confess that it is not easy to turn the thoughts to Rugby football. As I write, so much of greater significance has happened recently, is happening still. Football slips back into its true perspective as a game—a grand game, certainly—but no more than a game. A small part of life, really, though sometimes we are swept into thinking that it has a quite disproportionate importance.

Perhaps it is as well that now and again we should see it in this diminished aspect. We may resolve not to take it quite so solemnly in future, and that would be all to the good. Only the other day an England player said to me, discussing the modern game: "Well, there 's only one remedy for all our troubles—let 's play with a square ball, and have done with it."

INCIDENTALLY, he was impressed by a suggestion made to me recently that the scrummage should be reduced to six forwards, packing 3—2—1. A revolutionary idea, which therefore stinks in the nostrils of the hide-bound, but interesting, none the less. It stinks mightily in my nostrils, I must admit, but that is because any plan for interfering with traditional forward play brings me roaring to my feet. Still, six forwards might, in some ways, be an improvement upon eight. None of these fly-by-night wingers: no obstruction of the scrum-half, intentional or accidental: quicker heeling: a compact scrummage. The idea has its points. But I think it is unnecessary. If we scrummage decently with eight forwards, packing 3—2—3, there should be no need whatever for drastic experiment. It was possible in the old days to pack 3—2—3 and still do a decent job of work. Anyone who ever shoved against an England pack led by W. W. Wakefield will know what I mean. I had that doubtful privilege in a Trial match, and it was hard going. In the Wakefield era there was none of this outcry about winging forwards, though the outside men in the back row had very definite and destructive duties, as players like A. T. Voyce and H. L. Price will tell you.

IN those days the traditions of the game had not disappeared entirely from view. Back-row forwards worked, while work was necessary, and only departed upon nefarious errands when the ball had been definitely lost. Now the position is different. The Voyces and the Prices are imitated by players of inferior calibre—I am talking, incidentally, of the game as a whole, and not necessarily of International football. In most club teams, though, you will find these quick-breaking gentlemen who do little more than lay a courtesy hand on the scrummage before they race, very often offside, for the opposing half-backs.

Poor stuff, and I sympathise with those who wish to find some means of curbing the activities of the spoilers. I will even listen to the six-forward argument, for the fact that the Northern Union have adopted this idea concerns me not at all. I have no patience with the contention that if the Northern Union have discovered a means of benefiting the game the Rugby Union is automatically barred from following a sound example.

ALL the Rugby Union—and the other Unions, for that matter—have to do is to disentangle the present mess, and find some way of persuading players that decent scrummaging is the only basis upon which the game can be properly or even enjoyably played.

A little matter, surely, if only we would think it out and retrace our steps intelligently. Maybe the suggestion that before the ball is out no forward should be allowed to advance beyond a line drawn through the centre of the scrummage is worth considering. It is, by the way, merely a suggestion, quite informally discussed by certain Dominion delegates, and it may never be heard of again. It might be tried with advantage, though, since it has obvious merits. It also has defects, chief among them the fact that the incentive to quick heeling and swift work by the scrum-half would be diminished.

For my part, I am against such drastic innovations. Bring the forwards back to a simpler conception of their duties, and all should be well.

THERE are jobs to be done, I think, by our legislators. I am still convinced that the value of the dropped goal is too high. Let it equal a try, if you will, though two points are enough, in my opinion, for a method of attack which beats the stoutest defence by soaring above their heads.

Then the scrummage laws are absurdly complicated. They should be simplified to the bare bones of the matter—only three up in the front row, and only the far foot of the middle man to be used in hooking. And the sooner we can forget specialist hookers the better. Concentrate on shoving, and the hooker on one leg must be defeated every time. Even if he does hook the ball, he and his pack will either be shoved off it or unable to heel fast enough to be of any practical worth. And the offside laws must be standardised forthwith. It is ridiculous to find these laws differently interpreted in England and Wales, and it breeds ill-feeling.

HISTORIC FEAT!

"Veni, Vidi, Vici" which being translated means "a walk-over!" So easily did the Romans have the world at their feet!

In these days, of course, we just as easily have PURITAN Soles at our feet!

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What's On

(Continued from page D)

CONCERTS (*Continued*)

Orchestral

NEW LONDON ORCHESTRA.—Dr. Malcolm Sargent conducts them, presented by Hugo Larsen: Aeolian Hall, Fri., 7th, 8.30.

COURTAULD-SARGENT CONCERTS.—Fritz Stiedry (Leningrad Symphonic Orchestra) conducts the London Philharmonic in works of Mozart, Hindemith, and Beethoven: Queen's Hall, Mon. and Tues., 10th and 11th, 8.30.

THE PORTLAND QUARTET.—The quartet and Steuart Wilson (tenor) in the R.C.M. Patrons' Fund series: Wigmore Hall, Tues., 11th, 5.30.

DANCING AND DINING

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Lita Grey Chaplin is here again, singing her songs; Jack Harris plays for dancing: extension, Wednesday.

DORCHESTER.—The Midnight Follies of 1936 are here—Hollywood Starlets, Florine McKinney, a dancer and a funny turn; Jack Jackson's band: extension, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The new show is *New York*, 1936—a girls, music, and star-turn entertainment; Syd Lipton plays for dancing: extension, Thursday.

LANSDOWNE HOUSE.—There 's a good band (Brian Lawrence's), and you can dance in any clothes; no cabaret.

MAY FAIR.—The cabaret changes fortnightly, and the turns take turns with dancing; Harry Roy's band plays: extension, Friday.

NEW CLARGES RESTAURANT.—Here you eat and talk—there 's no music or dancing; the food and wines are excellent.

ODDENINO'S.—Dancing and cabaret in the restaurant; beer and Bohemianism in the famous brasserie.

PRUNIER'S.—Fish-foods are the specialities, but you can eat what you please, and the wine list is also excellent; no music.

RITZ.—Café chantant is another word for good cabaret; Joe Kaye's band plays: extension, Wednesday.

SAN MARCO.—There's no cabaret, but two excellent bands—Len Hay's and the Florida Night-Owls till 11, and then the Krakajax, with Judy Shirley; one must dress to dance: extension, Wednesday.

BEAGLES

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Gifts for the Invalid

HERE are ways in which to tempt the invalid who is recovering from influenza, or some other ailment. If she is depressed, she will love the Nonsense Box on the left above, which is full of amusing and useful surprises, including lipstick tissues, floating soap, and a pack of playing cards. It comes from Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly, together with the other things sketched. A specially prepared "Parcel of Health" is seen in the opposite corner. It only costs £1, post free, and contains bottles of turtle, chicken, bramble and champagne calves'-feet jelly. Also a tin of Heudebert Biscottes, a bottle of chicken breasts, and some honey. Bollinger champagne is another wonderful tonic, since it banishes depression and is very strengthening. It is available in quarter-bottles at 41s. the dozen. Then, for weak digestions, there is nothing better than a glass of Supreme Tawny Port, which is also sold in quarter-bottles.

The Editor's Box

A Day and Night Away

Now that the winter trek to the south has started, it is worth reminding readers that Cannes, one of the most popular of all the Riviera resorts, is represented at the French Tourist Office, 56, Haymarket, W.1, and at the offices of the P.L.M. Railway, 179, Piccadilly, W.1, while information about hotels, and so on, can also be obtained from the Syndicat d'Initiative at Cannes itself or from any travel bureau. Cannes is just twenty-four hours away from London by train: a comforting reflection for a cold day.

A Double-Blue Director

George Kemp-Welch, who is a son of the managing director of Schweppes, Ltd., has been elected to a seat on the Board. This makes four generations of Kemp-Welches who have been directors of this well-known aërated and tonic water firm.

The new director is a double-Blue. George Kemp-Welch captained the Cambridge cricket side against Oxford in 1931, and the light blue Soccer XI the year before. Coincidentally, he has a twin brother who is also a double-Blue.

Left: Mr. Frederick J. Wolfe and Mrs. Wolfe helped to launch the oil-tanker Comanchee at Glasgow. The Comanchee, largest boat of its kind built in this country, will carry lubricating oil for its owners, the Anglo-American Oil Co.

Above: Tom Walls signs autographs at the Covent Garden Bal de Beauté. Mr. Walls presented the Coty Silver Trophy during the evening

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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GETTING MARRIED

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Hay Wrightson

Margaret Gunson

Jessie Margaret Wiseman Gunson is the only daughter of Sir James and Lady Gunson, of Totara Park, Manurewa, Auckland, N.Z., and 30, Elvaston Place, S.W.7; she is engaged to Rawden John Afoumado Temple, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Afoumado of Emperor's Gate, S.W.7

Hay Wrightson

Jean Christine Coates

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Coates, of Eyton House, Leominster, Herefordshire; she is engaged to Lieut. Francis Armishaw Lowe, R.N., only son of Mr. and Mrs. Lowe, of The Close, Overstrand, Norfolk

Bassano

Patricia Moore

Is engaged to Ivor Parley, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Parley, of Heath Close, N.W. 11; she is the youngest daughter of Major-General Sir John and Lady Moore, of 16. Frognal Lane, N.W.3

Hay Wrightson

Pamela Lacon

Is the younger daughter of the late Gordon Massy Lacon, of Norfolk, and Mrs. Geoffrey Hulbert, of Helmsley, Harrow-on-the-Hill; she is engaged to John Edward Hodgson, third son of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Hodgson, of Fairfield, Croxley Green, Herts

Fayer of Vienna

Rosemary Cotter

Mrs. Rosemary Cotter, of 28, Cleveden Place, S.W.1., is the younger daughter of the late Captain and Mrs. Duncan Macpherson; her engagement is announced to Gerald Gordon Ley, eldest son of Sir Gordon Ley, Bart., and the late Lady Ley, of Lazonby Hall, Cumberland

Douglas

Margaret Berry

Is engaged to Charles Bamford, M.D., of 64, Friargate, Derby, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. John Bamford, of Rochdale; she is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Walter Berry, of Bramshott, Surbiton, Surrey

Bassano

Elizabeth Campfield

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rowland Campfield, of Alassio, Bourne End, Bucks; she is engaged to C. A. M. Peaty, only son of Comdr. and Mrs. Peaty, of The Rest, Banchory, Kincardineshire

Hay Wrightson

Bice Bellairs

Is engaged to Lieut. John Alasdair Henry McKean, R.N., of Hooton Chase, Hooton, Cheshire, younger son of the late John McKean; she is the elder daughter of Rear-Admiral Roger Bellairs, C.B., C.M.G., and Mrs. Bellairs, of Wyvenhoe, Farnham Royal, Bucks

Raikes — Collier

Major-General G. L. Raikes, C.B., D.S.O., second son of the late Colonel and Mrs. G. W. Raikes, of Woodville, Leamington Spa, Warwick, and Christine Collier, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Collier, of Whinfield, South Brent, Devon, were married at South Brent Church

Jamieson — Ridout

Frances Ridout, daughter of Colonel Julian Ridout, D.S.O., and Mrs. Ridout, of 46, Crescent Road, Kingston, Surrey, was married at St. Columba's, Pont Street, to Harvey Morro Jamieson, son of Major and Mrs. Morro Jamieson, of Edinburgh

Macfarlane — Carson

Dr. Robert Gwyn Macfarlane, only son of the late Robert Gray Macfarlane, of Bangkok, Siam, and Mrs. Macfarlane, of Woodhatch, Patching, Sussex, and Hilary Carson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. H. Carson, were married at St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield

Pearl Freeman

Elizabeth May Bowler

Is the only daughter of the late Percy Bowler and Mrs. Bowler, of Heron's Lodge, Herons-gate, Herts; her engagement is announced to Joseph Simpson, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Simpson, of Little Wenlock, Shropshire

Anthony

Helen Mulliner

Is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. H. H. Mulliner, of Clifton Court, Rugby; she has become engaged to Mr. Hanbury-Bateman, son of Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Bateman, of Bath. Her fiancé was Captain of Boats at Eton

Bassano

Margaret Heward Bell

Is engaged to Richard John Uniacke, younger son of the late Lieut.-Gen. Sir Herbert Uniacke, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., and Lady Uniacke, of Allward House, Maidenhead; she is the only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Heward Bell, of the Old Rectory, Pewsey, Wilts

Douglas

Lilian Mary Bolton

Is the only daughter of the late H. Nelson Bolton and Mrs. Bolton, of 3, Auburn Mansions, N.W.3; her engagement is announced to Bernard Gilpin Forman, eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. B. G. Forman, of The Beeches, Cloughton, Scarborough

Stuart Hamilton

Constance Stocker

Constance Jeannette Stocker is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Stocker, of 44, Golders Gardens, N.W.11; she is engaged to Gabriel Ian Brandon, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Jocelyn Brandon, of 64, Upper Richmond Road, Putney

Stuart Hamilton

Suzanne Slocock

Is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Laurence Slocock, of Courtfield, Maidenhead; her engagement is announced to John Charles Wade, only child of Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Wade, of Honiley Hall, Warwick

Owing to a mistake on the part of the photographer, the above photograph of Miss Constance Stocker appeared on page B in our issue of January 22nd with the particulars of Miss Suzanne Slocock's engagement below it

What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

February 5—February 11

THE THEATRE

Plays

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—St. John Ervine's play (produced by Irene Hentschel) continues to offer some of the best light comedy in town—Harold Warrender and Jessica Tandy well supported by Morris Harvey and Fabia Drake: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play deals with family life as lived in St. John's Wood; Fay Compton, Owen Nares, and his son, Geoffrey, are in the cast: Globe, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

DISTINGUISHED GATHERING.—Transferred from the St. Martin's, this play continues in its amusing and mystifying way, with Frank Vosper heading the cast: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—This domestic comedy of quarrels and making-up is amusingly apt—and runs and runs; Diana Churchill and Richard Bird are the young couple: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—This Chinese charmer looks as if it will outlive the Art Exhibition. Thea Holme is Precious Stream in S. I. Hsiung's play: Little, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MARY TUDOR.—Flora Robson as Mary of England, Joyce Bland as Elizabeth, Marius Goring as Philip of Spain: Playhouse, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL.—Robert Speaight in T. S. Eliot's play about Thomas à Becket: Mercury, 8.30 (not Mon. or Thurs.). Fri., Sat., 2.30.

NINA.—Versatile acting by Lucie Mannheim in a double part as a film star and her understudy; Cecil Parker and Hugh Miller are also in Bruno Franck's amusing comedy: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

PAGE FROM A DIARY.—Ernst Deutsch, Greer Garson, and Nicholas Hannen take us from Monte Carlo to the North-West Frontier and back again: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROMEO AND JULIET.—Proves that well-played Shakespeare is still good box-office. John Gielgud produced; he and Peggy Ashcroft are the star-crossed pair. Mercutio (Laurence Olivier) and the Nurse (Edith Evans) are unforgettable: New, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ST. HELENA.—From Shakespeare to Sherriff and Jeanne de Casalis is nothing to Lilian Bayliss. This new play of joint authorship is about Buonaparte (Kenneth Kent) in his last days of exile: Old Vic, 8 (not Mons.). Sat., 2.30.

SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE.—Frederick Carlton's new play is not shy of taking place in Vienna. Wyndham Goldie, Nora Swinburne, and Kay Hammond are in it: St. Martin's, 8.30. Fri., Sat., 2.30.

SHORT STORY.—Twice postponed, this piece reopens to-night; Marie Tempest, Sybil Thorndike, Ursula Jeans, and Graham Browne all return to their mildly improbable parts: Queen's, 8.30.

SWEET ALOES.—Diana Wynyard as the wronged heroine in the last three days of Jay Mallory's play: Wyndham's, 8.30. Sat., 2.30.

TO-NIGHT AT 8.30.—Comprehensive title for assorted Coward plays, varying nightly. Love, satire, pathos juggled in Noel's own way; he and Gertrude Lawrence play the leads: Phœnix, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

TOVARICH.—Still one of the best plays on, amusing and sometimes moving; Cedric Hardwicke and Eugénie Leontovich continue their grand acting: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WHITE CARGO.—The revived play about white men, brown women and black hate still shows a lot of life. Olga Lindo, Franklin Dyall, and Walter Sondes contribute to the colours: Piccadilly, 6.30 and 9.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Robert Harris, Antoinette Cellier, and Mackenzie Ward play lead in this unendingly popular play: Savoy, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

FOLLOW THE SUN.—Charles Cochran's revues get yearly cleverer and cleverer. Plenty of good music; plenty of attention to settings and, above all, dress; one or two serious acts; and the Young Ladies—all contribute to make 1936's show a brilliant affair: Adelphi.

FRITZI.—A gay and tuneful musical comedy, with Rosalinde Fuller as the gamine heroine, Leslie French as hero: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PLEASE, TEACHER!—Musical comedy with a girls' school setting; Sepha Treble is a girl, Bobbie Howes an intruding young man; and Vera Pearce and Bertha Belmore are in it: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE NO. 71.—Another character-sketch by Joan Miller; Meggie Eaton, Edna Thompson, Olive del Mar, and Eddie Kelland again; a Harlequinade and Roy Fenton's Animal Noises; and, of course, Revudebelles: Windmill, 1.20—11.30, non-stop.

SEEING STARS.—A slim story sends Leslie Henson into numerous predicaments and the audience into fits of laughter. Florence Desmond and Louise Browne enhance the merriment: Gaiety, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

1066 AND ALL THAT.—Sellar and Yeatman's brilliant idea of burlesquing history continues to occupy a big cast and bigger audiences in this revue-history-farce: Strand, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

TULIP TIME.—Comedy with music. George Gee, Steve Geray, Greta Fayne, and Sydney Fairbrother in unsophisticated humour and colourful scenes: Alhambra 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TWENTY TO ONE.—Long odds, but they win in this musical sporting farce with Lupino Lane and Clifford Mollison: Coliseum, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

ESPIONAGE.—The spy-play at its most lurid. Marion Lorne makes the comedy (on the Orient Express) by getting mixed up in the spying and counter-spying: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FORTY THIEVES.—George Jackley, Naughton and Gold, Kitty Reidy, Polly Ward: Lyceum, 2 and 7.30.

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.—Binnie Hale is principal boy, Marjorie Browne, Charles Heslop, Shaun Glenville: Drury Lane, 2 and 7.45.

THE MAN IN DRESS CLOTHES.—Sir Seymour Hicks revives the piece, and plays the part that he made famous. Margaretta Scott leads opposite him: Victoria Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Extraordinary character sketch of a cheerful young megolomaniac, written and acted by Emlyn Williams. Laughter, horrors and sympathy are well emphasised by Angela Baddeley and Dame May Whitty: Duchess, 8.30. Sat., 2.30.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY; OR, WHAT A WITCH! is the Charlot pantomime, with Nancy Burne as the Princess, Patrick Waddington as the Prince, Nellie Wallace and Bert Coote: Vaudeville, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.—This mixture of farce and crime is the greatest success for a low-brow evening; Henry Kendall and Nancy O'Neil are in it: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

TREAD SOFTLY.—Yvonne Arnaud and Ronald Squire with their polished performance together are undoubtedly the making of this otherwise slight piece: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Night

OUT OF THE DARK.—Ingram D'Abbes' new play (directed by Sydney Carroll) is about a blind novelist (Henry Oscar) who suddenly regains his sight. Gwen ffrangçon-Davies is his wife: Ambassadors, February 12th.

CINEMAS

THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN.—Film version of Jeffery Farnol's Regency prize-fighting novel, adapted by Clemence Dane; Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, and Elissa Landi are the stars: London Pavilion.

DR. SOCRATES.—Paul Muni's new film, but it has nothing to do with ancient Greece. Ann Dvorak and Barton Maclane are in it: Regal.

THE GHOST GOES WEST.—See this: Clair has made an extra entertaining film of it; Robert Donat is the Scottish hero: Leicester Square.

I DREAM TOO MUCH.—Coloratura soprano Lily Pons comes to the screen with a musical picture of the operatic sort: Carlton.

I FOUND STELLA PARISH.—Kay Francis's film with Ian Hunter and Paul Lukas is about an actress and her producer. Also *While Parents Sleep*: Astoria.

THE IMPERFECT LADY.—Cicely Courtneidge's first American film is laid in England. Clever character part by Frank Morgan. Heather Angel is the girl in it: Tivoli.

IN PERSON.—Ginger Rogers stars in this singing, dancing picture, supported by George Brent: Plaza.

THE LITTLE CHIMNEY SWEEP.—A Lotte Reiniger silhouette film; supported by travelogues, *Pluto's Judgment Day*, and films about horses and Old Masters: Tatler.

THE MAN WHO BROKE THE BANK AT MONTE CARLO.—Ronald Colman and Joan Bennett in a well-worn story of gambling for money and love. Also *Charlie Chan in China*: New Gallery.

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY.—Charles Laughton and Clark Gable in their cruel film of mutiny on the high seas still draw crowds: Empire.

SANS FAMILLE.—Robert (*Poil de Carotte*) Lynen is the young adventurer of this attractive film: Academy.

SECOND BUREAU.—The French spy film with Jean Murat and Vera Korene runs on for another week: Curzon.

SHE MARRIED HER BOSS.—Claudette Colbert has trouble with her man again, but wakes him to passion eventually. He is Melvyn Douglas: Dominion and New Victoria.

OPERA

SADLER'S WELLS:

THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO: to-night, 8.

THE BARTERED BRIDE: Thurs., 8.

THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO: Sat., 2.30.

TOSCA: Sat., 8.

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

LE LAC DES CYGNES: Fri., 8.30.

LES RENDEZVOUS, APPARITIONS, THE BLUE-BIRD, THE GODS GO A-BEGGING: Tues., 8.30.

MARKOVA-DOLIN BALLET.—The répertoire includes DAVID, LES SYLPHIDES, AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE, SHOW FOLK: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

EXHIBITION

CHINESE ART EXHIBITION: Royal Academy, Burlington House; week-days, 9.30—7 (Thurs. till 10).

CONCERTS

Recitals

SYLVIA YORK BOWEN.—A song recital, with Gerald Moore at the piano: Wigmore Hall, to-night, 5th, 8.30.

DEREK KINDER.—A piano recital at the Grotrian Hall, to-night, 5th, 8.30.

RIA GINSTER.—Two recitals by the soprano, with Gerald Moore at the piano: Grotrian Hall, Thurs. and Tues., 6th and 11th, 8.30.

ELEANOR WARREN.—A 'cello recital, with Ernest Lush at the piano: Wigmore Hall, Thurs., 6th, 8.30.

CLAUD BIGGS.—The piano pieces include works by Bach, Scarlatti, and Chopin: Wigmore Hall, Fri., 7th, 8.30.

WALTER GIESEKING.—The Master Pianoforte Recitals series: Wigmore Hall, Sat., 8th, 3.15.

SUGGIA.—The 'cellist in a recital with George Reeves at the piano: Wigmore Hall, Mon., 10th, 5.30.

MAX ROSTAL.—The Austrian violinist, with Ivor Newton at the piano: Wigmore Hall, Mon., 10th, 8.30.

ADILA FACHIRI.—A sonata recital with Kathleen Long: Wigmore Hall, Tues., 11th, 8.30.

Orchestral

CONCERT CANCELLED.—To-night's B.B.C. presentation of *Christopher Columbus*, conducted by the composer, is cancelled.

(*Continued on page* v)

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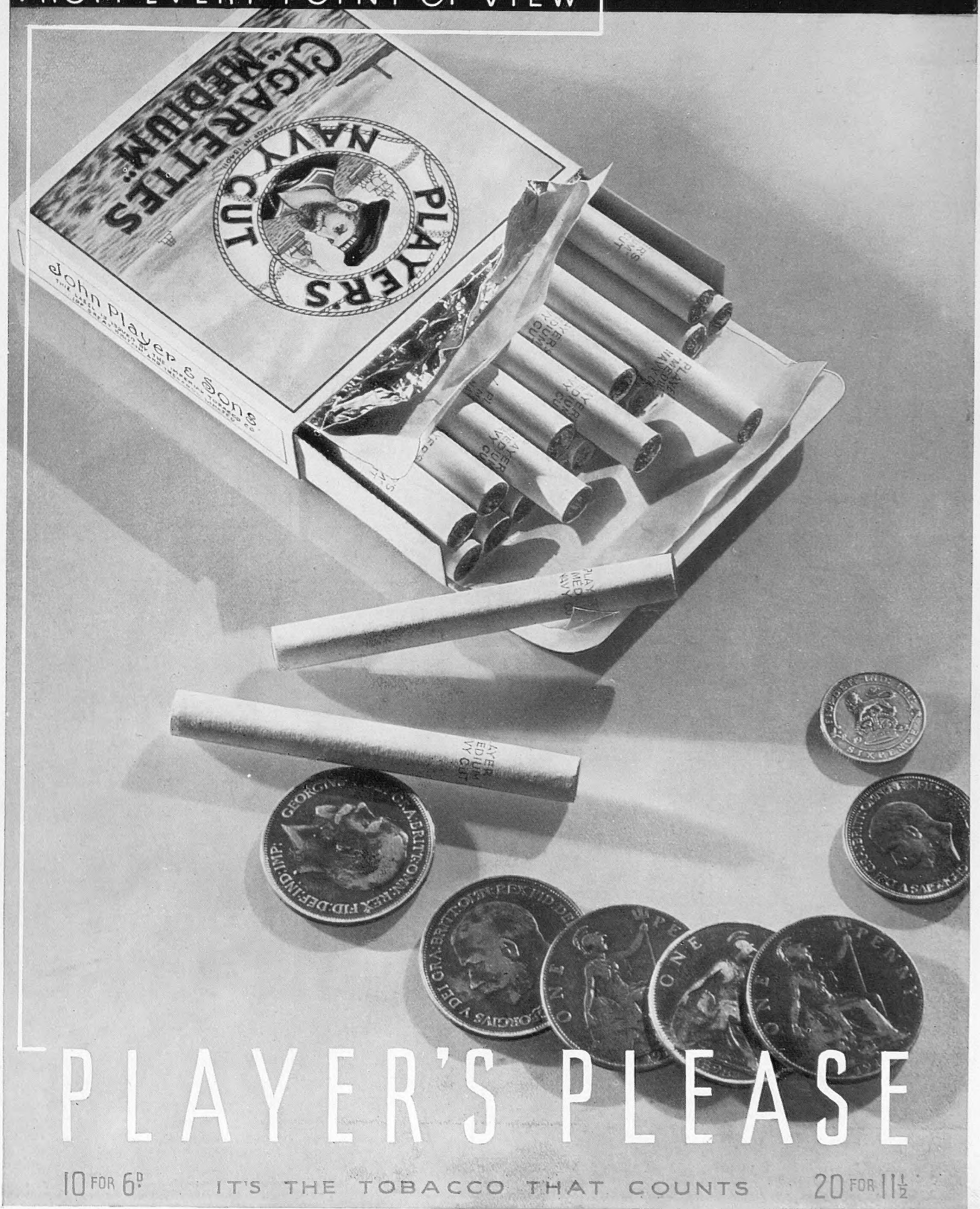

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GOOD OLD GULF STREAM

Draw your chair closer. Put some more coal on. Take another dose of cough mixture. Start an argument: which is worse for motoring—fog or ice? Tell the maid TWO hot water bottles. WE DON'T CARE!

For we are going to play squash. Swim in the Covered Pool. Golf in the grounds. Bask in the Sun Lounge. Dance in the Ballroom. Make hey-nonny-no generally while the sun shines and because there are no extras on the bill.

Er—did you sneeze?

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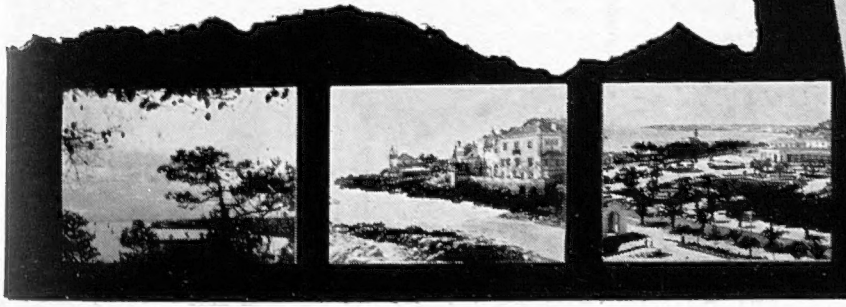

"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

Week-End Amateur Tournament for Men

The Fourth Annual Open Amateur Tournament under handicap, for the "Bystander" £500 Trophy and other prizes, will be played at

FELIXSTOWE

on March 21st and 22nd, 1936

(Headquarters: The Felix Hotel)

The "Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

Holder: M. R. Gardner (Parkstone)

• Conditions

Play will be for the BYSTANDER £500 Trophy and other prizes.

Every competitor will play a medal round on Saturday morning, March 21st.

When cards have been returned the competitors will be divided into sections of eight players each.

The best two returns from the first quarter of the draw, the best two returns from the second quarter of the draw, and the best four returns from the bottom half of the draw will constitute the Trophy eight, and the players returning these cards will compete for the Trophy by match play under handicap.

The first rounds will be played on the Saturday afternoon and the semi-finals and finals on the Sunday.

The remaining eights will be constituted and play in a similar manner to the Trophy eight.

Ties will be decided on the last nine holes, and if there is still a tie the eighteenth hole shall decide; and failing that, the seventeenth, sixteenth, etc.

Every competitor must qualify in some section or other, and is assured of a full day's play on the Saturday. Moreover, half the original entry will be engaged in the competition proper on the Sunday, and there will be a Bogey Competition for those who have been defeated on the Saturday.

A copy of the draw for the medal round on Saturday, March 21st will be posted to each competitor on March 14th.

All disputes will be decided by the Committee in charge of the competition, and its decision shall be final.

Rule 35 of the Rules of Golf does not apply to this competition.

• Railway and Hotel Arrangements for the Week-End

The L.N.E.R. will issue to competitors staying at the Felix Hotel combined rail and hotel week-end tickets (Friday to Monday) by any train from Liverpool Street, and also from Bishop's Stortford, Bury St. Edmunds, Cambridge, Newmarket and Norwich, at the inclusive price of £4 2s.

This ticket includes first-class return railway journey, dinner on the train or at the hotel on Friday, full board at the Felix Hotel on the Saturday and Sunday, with the alternative of lunch at the club-house, breakfast at the hotel or on the train on Monday morning, green fees, free use of the hard tennis or squash courts, free conveyance of luggage between the station and the hotel.

Competitors not taking advantage of the inclusive ticket will be required to pay green fees.

• Entries

Entries are now being accepted, and should be sent on the entry form published herewith to the Golf Editor, the BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

Competitors must play off their lowest club handicap.

Any competitor whose handicap is altered after he has forwarded his entry must notify the Golf Editor of the BYSTANDER at the Felix Hotel by noon on March 20th.

The BYSTANDER reserves the right to refuse an entry without giving any reason whatsoever for so doing.

ENTRY FORM • No Entrance Fee

"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

To be played at Felixstowe on Saturday, March 21st and Sunday, March 22nd

IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Surname..... Initials.. .....

Club.. ..... Lowest Handicap.....

Address .....

.....

Telephone No.....

I shall be playing with ..... in the qualifying round.

I require a partner for the qualifying round.
(Strike out one of these.)

There is no entrance fee. I enclose a handicap certificate.

(Signed).....